

# Punch

1961



Tomson

# ESCAPE TO WINTER SUNSHINE IN GREECE



Cloudless skies 300 days a year—and an average of 6 hours sunshine a day throughout winter! While the rest of Europe labours under cold, grey clouds, you can stand alone beneath the famous Caryatids, with only the shadows of the past to keep you company under the warm blue sky. Experience the unique 'Halcyon Days'—that fortnight of high summer every January which was the gift of Zeus himself to those

mythological lovers so many centuries ago. And where better to enjoy this phenomenon than on one of the gods' earthly homes—a picturesque island in the blue Mediterranean. For throughout the winter, there is a place reserved in the sun for you in Greece.

*For details contact your Travel Agent or the Greek National Tourist Organisation: 34 Hyde Park Square, London W 2. Tel: Paddington 4445*

# GREECE

**GREET'S YOU WARMLY—EVEN IN WINTER!**

# PUNCH

Vol. CCXXXIX No. 6276  
December 28 1960

Edited by  
Bernard Hollowood



## Articles

- 916 R. G. G. PRICE  
*Pop People's Schools*  
919 J. B. BOOTHROYD  
*The Year Now Standing . . .*  
921 DAVID STONE  
*The Last of the Hypochondriacs*  
929 WYNNE THOMAS  
*Party Line*  
935 H. F. ELLIS  
*Mediatrics: The Excluded Middle*  
938 R. SQUIRE  
*Loan Floater*  
939 MALCOLM BRADBURY  
*Trouble Among the Compacts*  
940 PERRY MADOC  
*I Was A Teenage Tiger*

## Verse

- 938 ANTHONY BRODE  
*The Gimmick*

## Features

- 923 THE END OF THE WORLD  
SUPPLEMENT  
931 PHOENIX OBSERVED  
*Ronald Searle*  
944 IN THE CITY  
*Back Market*  
944 IN THE COUNTRY  
*J. D. U. Ward*  
945 PARTY SPIRIT  
*Mahood*  
952 FOR WOMEN  
954 TOBY COMPETITIONS

## Criticism

- 946 THEATRE (Eric Keown)  
947 FILMS (Richard Mallett)  
948 ART (Adrian Daintrey)  
948 RADIO (Patrick Ryan)  
949 BOOKING OFFICE  
*R. G. G. Price: Feast of Reason*

## Subscriptions

If you wish to have *Punch* sent to your home each week, send £2 16s. 0d.\* to the Publisher, *Punch*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

\*For overseas rates see page 954.

© Bradbury Agnew & Company, Limited—1960

## The London Charivari

I DON'T know why anyone should feel that what happened exactly a hundred years ago has an extra chance of happening again now, but for those readers who think there is something in this form of prophecy I've been looking through *Punch* for 1861 to see what they may be offered to laugh at in the coming year. Well, there were crinolines, beards on curates, beards generally, the unflappable Lord Palmerston, the Pope, scientific advances in the shape of Darwinism, and the exploits of M. Blondin. And of course the Americans started their Civil War. We thought that was fairly funny too. At first.

### Final Edition

IF the world really does come to an end to-day, our special End of the World supplement (see pp. 923-928)

wishing you a bright  
and prosp.

will be a rare event in the long history of this magazine—a genuine, undeniable, copper-bottomed scoop. But journalistic fame is notoriously short-lived, and this would be no exception.

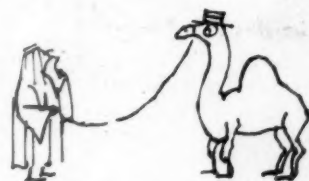
### Unholy Rollers

IN the United States some mad fool has invented motorized roller-skates that will do forty. These are likely, as

well as boosting the accident figures, to provide some fascinating legal puzzles. Will your car insurance cover damage done by speeding pedestrians? What is the status of a skater at zebra crossings? Will learners have to carry an experienced skater pick-a-back? And will the defence be provided by the Pedestrians' Association or the A.A.?

### Tat with no Titfer

THE hat trade was in a bad enough state already without the recent fire at Luton that destroyed a whole ware-



houseful. They're saying there that it's the last straw.

### All Right on the Last Night

WHEN trains break down and dreadful chaos disrupts the lives of thousands of passengers, spokesmen for British Railways sometimes bluffly dismiss the matter with phrases about "teething-troubles." The introduction of any new service or new stock must, they suggest, inevitably be accompanied by a near breakdown of the transport system. Why shouldn't the





"... On the fourth day of Christmas  
my true love sent to me ..."

railways adopt the same standards as the theatre? How long would a management survive that explained to first-night audiences that they must expect the curtain to rise two hours late, the scenery to get stuck, the lights to fail and the cast to forget their lines?

#### Cheap But Not Nasty

UGLINESS isn't as thrifty as some spoilers of buildings think. In its first three years the Civic Trust, which has been waging guerrilla warfare against the Philistines, has scored such minor but strategically important successes as repainting properties, relettering shop boards, removing projecting signs, making awnings less hideous, and generally removing or taming monstrosities. The point is that all these good works cost the owners an average of only £80 each, excluding overdue repairs. Thirty bob a week is a small tribute to pay to beauty.

#### And I Must Warn You . . .

I AM sorry to see the lawyers campaigning against the practice of presenting in the police evidence what the accused said when charged. Some of the accused's reactions, such as "I

done it and cut her up," have a lapidary quality not often found in evidence; also they give *The Times* one of its few opportunities to lapse into Cockney dialect now and then. The lawyers suggest that what the accused says when charged may not be what he would like to have said in a less emotional moment, and they may be right. Once when I was charged with leaving a car parked for two hours in Farringdon Street I said "I left it here all day yesterday." The policeman said "You mustn't say that, sir; I have to take it down and use it in evidence. Say 'I'm very sorry'."

#### Blacklisted ?

THE bootblack at Charing Cross station tells me that he asked the railway authorities if he could have a pitch inside the station during the winter, paying such rent as they thought fit, but they wouldn't have it. So he, and anyone who patronizes him, must stay outside in the street, no matter what wind, rain, snow or sleet may be whipping down the Strand. If I were Sir Brian Robertson, or whoever the relevant authority may be, I'd not only have him in the station, I'd provide a warm and comfortable room for him to work in, with a throne for the customers to sit down on, so that those of us who still like the expert ministrations of



"Thank the Tungsten Steel Rolling  
& Drop Forging Company for their  
descriptive Calendar."

In next week's issue  
there will be a special  
section devoted to  
HOLIDAY PLANNING

professional bootblacks could get them without that feeling of outlawry that overcomes us as we balance precariously on the cold and crowded pavement which the British seem to think the best place for cleaning shoes.

#### Inexplicable Incident

PULLING out a pound note to pay a rather glacial waiter the other night I was embarrassed to notice written on it in green ink: "I love Maureen."

#### Sucks to Tokyo

WHEN my Hong Kong correspondent reported that the crown colony's toy shops appeared to be half-full of Japanese mechanical dolls I feared that we must be losing ground in the global battle of production. In Kowloon especially he noted the prevalence of Jumbo The Bubble-Blowing Elephant (slogan: "It Blows Bubbles"), a cunningly contrived small battery-powered pink elephant that repeatedly dips its trunk into a miniature tub of soapy water and rises emitting bubbles as advertised. Where, I wondered, were our technicians? What of our know-how? First the sputniks and now this. But then I happened to glance at the calendar and realized that we would soon muddle through, and in a big way. The morning after New Year's Eve Britain will have all the pink elephants the country needs, and ours will have purple and green polka dots and roller skates.

#### Roll-on 1960

I SEE that British women will have spent £60,000,000 on corsetry by the end of the year. And this despite the squeeze. —MR. PUNCH





**"Yes, with a little hard work and evolution this could be a paradise."**

---

Immediately below the Top People come the Pop People, the men and women in the street who are at the receiving end of mass production. This article, the second of a series investigating what these consumers consume, deals with education

## POP PEOPLE'S



## SCHOOLS

By R. G. G. PRICE

THE under-£30 per week earners, who are the target of these inquiries, are finding a good many clawing hands gliding into their pockets; but the detergent, washing-machine and television manufacturing moguls are not being joined by fellow gold-miners from the educational world. Education simply isn't an object of working-class spending, apart from a bit of coaching for the eleven-plus. To quote a distinguished sociologist produced for me by the invaluable Advisory Centre for Education, "The vast bulk still regards schools in the way that primitives regard age-sets, i.e., as an inescapable, non-manipulable aspect of life." As the Director of the Research Unit in the Economics and Administration of Education at the London University Institute of Education tells me that £30 would be too low an income to buy education anyway, it is just as well that few of the new unpoor want to.

It is true, however, that a Ministry of Labour inquiry into household expenditure found in 1953-4 that the *average* educational expenditure of families where the head of the household had a weekly income of between £20 and £30 was 12s. 9d.; but this, if I may say so, strikes me as being more of a statistic than a fact. Figures that lump together parents who scrape so that their daughter can galumph on ponyback over the Surrey heaths as though pursuing Mr. Betjeman, and parents whose daughters probably wear shawls and throw fish-heads at passers-by cannot really provide a credible, still less a vivid, picture. Another figure, if you like figures, is that where the head of the household pouches under £3 weekly the average educational expenditure is 4½d. So much for the wild world of official arithmetic. (One odd item that I feel like passing on is that, while over the whole range of income groups educational expenditure is higher in the south than the north, in the north-west it is higher than in the East Riding. Pull your socks up, Scarborough parents!)

Looking at the problem not from the point of view of the family budget but from that of the private education available, there does seem some increase in spending. The amount paid out in school fees over the population as a whole has increased from £8,375,000 in 1920 to £30,950,000 in 1955. But there are two things to be borne in mind here: the population has increased and costs have risen. There is no real evidence of a move into the independent schools from the traditionally State educated classes, even though there are half-a-million children in independent schools compared with 400,000 in 1931, when Mr. Chuter Ede headed a committee into the whole grim topic whose report is still good bedside reading. There may even be a swing the other way, from the profit-making school to the school maintained by you and me. When Mr. Ede roamed the jungle there were 10,000 independent schools. Now there are about 4,400. When Part III of the Butler Act came into force and the Minister of Education gained the power to crack down on the seedier private schools, only 49 notices of complaint had to be issued; but a good many pretty awful establishments saw the cloud no bigger than a Minister's hand and closed down without politely waiting to be suppressed. Their inmates probably went into the State system rather than up the steep financial slope to the higher grade independent schools.

What matters to the Pop People is far more what happens in the 11-plus. In a world that increasingly substitutes social

status for crude income as its index of worth, this provides a simple, easily grasped method of status-sorting. As long ago as 1950 the *Year Book of Education* was saying gloomily of this fell examination, "Although theoretically a *qualifying* one, it is nearly everywhere a *competitive* one." By 1956 the *Year Book* had found one gleam of advantage in it: Boys from working-class homes in grammar schools may over-rate their chances without fully realizing how ambitious their success has made them but boys in secondary modern schools may have been sobered into realism by being rejected at it. This is supported by an inquiry that shows two-thirds of the boys in one London grammar school expected to rise above their fathers in occupational status compared with 12 per cent in a secondary modern.

Parents of all classes are being drawn into the 11-plus fever. Some middle-class parents who cannot afford to pay for their children's education right the way through concentrate on the age 9-11, and send them to a good prep school to improve their performance so that they emerge with admission to a grammar school. Nowadays most prep schools have a grammar school stream. Other middle-class parents do it the other way round. Rightly admiring the work of the State primary schools they send their children to them and then if they fail the 11-plus they send them either to a prep

school to learn languages for the common entrance to a public school at thirteen or else pack them off to one of the all-age independent schools. These seem to be flourishing. For some reason they have long waiting-lists in the south but much shorter ones in the north.

Why should anybody fear the effect on their young of the secondary modern? The reason generally given is accent. Snobbery is hardly ever openly admitted. But the secondary modern, from having begun merely as what happened to the 11-plus failures, has fought back and has discovered that if you refuse to treat them as failures many of them can pass the G.C.E. A survey in the *Head Teachers' Review* in 1954 of parental attitudes to a large secondary modern in an industrial town showed general approval, but attention was concentrated on class-room work and, on the whole, there was welcome for results without much understanding of how they had been achieved. Societies, outings and the rest of the extra-curricular activities, those activities on which the staff spend so many sweated hours, aroused little comment. (Four parents expressed marked distaste for the italic style of handwriting.)

Parents increasingly accept the secondary moderns on the evidence of their examination successes and of their glossiness. A bright new building crammed with gleaming gadgets is an asset to a town and, in arousing civic pride, arouses parental

## THE SECOND DAY OF CHRISTMAS



Eric Burghin

"I said 'Take everything off'."



"All right, dear—Daddy promises never to let go."



respect. The danger lies in the gulf between the traditional middle-class vision of an education for all that develops the whole range of a child's ability and the working-class obliviousness of anything that does not happen in the class-room. Homework is often regarded as a kind of overtime; but the child who has done home-work, like the university student who has passed his vacation at his books instead of in gainful employment, has spent more time being educated than his competitors and this will show in the long run.

Talking about the resistance of the average working-class family to the idea of withdrawal by a secondary school pupil from the warm life of the living-room into solitary study, Richard Hoggart in *The Uses of Literacy* suggests that the tightness of the working-class group makes for resistance to change and one way of change to be mistrusted and opposed is book learning. I think that books are resented not just as solvents of comfortable social pattern. Reading is, after contemplating your navel, the most withdrawn of occupations. It is not just what is in the books but their competition with shared activities that is feared. Watching television is regarded as a communal, out-giving, form of behaviour while going up to the bedroom to work is hostile to the values of the home.

This gulf becomes tragic when the clever boy at the grammar school is coming within sight of the university. The contributors to *Social Class and Educational Opportunity* say that the point of social wastage now is not at entry to the grammar school or to the university. It is on the brink of the sixth form. And this wastage is due only partly to the desire to get children earning. The age of parental anxiety over this has advanced steadily and cheerfully. The once-dreaded and dodged school attendance officers now have so little prosecuting to do that their name has been changed to school welfare officers. Even as late as 1938, 8 per cent of the free and special places offered in South-West Hertfordshire were refused by parents, though this was during the slump and

they find their way blocked by the late leavers, who arrive qualified to walk straight into the better jobs.

Pop People are finding they no longer have the State schools to themselves. The new technological middle-class have no innate preference for ivy-croded walls over grammar schools with proper labs and a film-strip projector in every class-room. They do not share the dying belief of the lower middle-class that fee-paying is a sign of moral backbone. (The upper middle-class have never had it but have sent their children hunting scholarships at the public schools with a cheerful readiness to accept anything they can win. Nor have they shown any embarrassment at the fact that by the use of covenants it is possible to make the State pay nearly half school fees.) The new recruits are prepared to send their children wherever the equipment, and to a lesser degree the teaching, looks good.

How far does the father who was not himself at a State school cause trouble when he sends his child to one? In some predominantly middle-class areas there are primary schools where "consumer sovereignty and deferring teachers set the tone"; but in others teachers resent any attempt to import middle-class standards. One advantage the Pop People may draw from the incursion of the privately educated parent may be more knowledgeable leadership in making demands on the Authority. Except in a few areas where the fact that education has the biggest budget attracts keen politicians, the parties do not generally put their stronger representatives on education committees, boards of governors and the like. Criticism of the standard of Labour representatives is widespread, especially on the Left. The middle-class parent will, it is to be hoped, not merely kick up a fuss *in vacuo* if education is below standard but get himself appointed to a position in which he can do something about it.

Before ending with a repetition of the flat assertion that the alleged affluence of the newly affluent is not, on the whole, dissipated on education, I might just point out that there is quite a bit of fringe-expenditure on postal courses teaching you, or at least telling you, how to play the guitar or carve murals for the garage. And there is a further point to be just mentioned. Expenditure on vast plate-glass windows, lighting-sets for school stages and cyclotrons for junior physics comes out of the 'taxes that are siphoned from the pockets of the smoker and the beer-drinker and the P.A.Y.E. payer. And this expenditure, instead of going into the pay-packets of teachers, goes to canny builders and manufacturers, many of whose workers are the Pop People in question.

Next week: POP PEOPLE'S INVESTMENTS

may be evidence less of an unenthusiastic attitude to education than of the raw economic facts.

For comparison, look at the cheering progress in Middlesbrough, reported by Dr. Jean Floud, where two-thirds of the parents now want their children to stay at school until at least sixteen. In East Sussex, no highbrow grove or airy academe, over 50 per cent of children stay on at school after the statutory school-leaving age. Early leavers may stand outside the gates and jeer as they wave their pay-packets while the goodies stay indoors; but the early leavers are beginning to turn sour as, after a few years of easy money,





"What bell? I didn't hear any bell."

## The Year Now Standing . . .

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

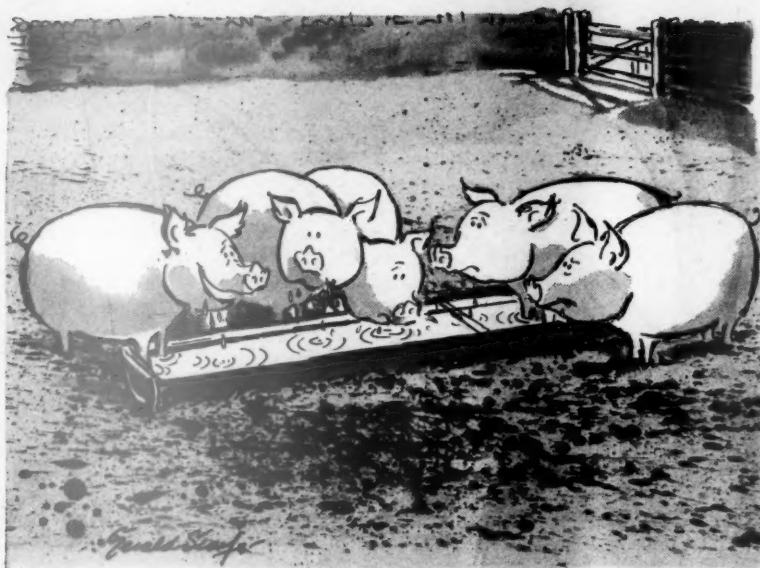
THE event of 1960 most likely to have been forgotten is the Whit-sun heat-wave, with Mr. Jeremy Fry as runner-up, though some may nominate Chris Chattaway's baby. It was, perhaps more than any this decade, a year of quick-fading celebrities. Major Saleh Salem danced via the headlines into the London Clinic, and could still be in there for all anybody's told us. Who now remembers that members of the South African Test team were invited to preach in Worcester cathedral? Or that the Marquess of Bath came out hot and strong in defence of Hitler's water-colours? This is the sort of thing which, like the traceless sinking of the

*News Chronicle* and the *Star*, makes the journalist feel that he writes in sand.

Politics had a rich year, with Labour split under Mr. Gaitskell and Oxford University unified under the Chancellorship of Mr. Macmillan. Mr. Marples, after confessing that last Christmas's Pink Zone was introduced without any permissive legislation, introduced it again this Christmas in the confidence that no one would remember. We were re-bored with the Channel Tunnel. Big Ben leaned four inches out of true. There were rowdy meetings of the Egg Marketing Board, the B.B.C. apologized for an anti-German comic song, the Summit collapsed, and the Prime

Minister's wind of change blew through public and private vocabularies everywhere.

The Arts were active. Hollywood writers struck, and no one missed them. Mr. Ronald Duncan was hit on the head by a dissatisfied customer at the Royal Court. Mr. William Douglas Home strove officiously to keep his Aunt Edwina alive, and West Hartlepool, *The Entertainer* being released as a film, would gladly have hit Mr. John Osborne for calling it a dead-and-alive hole. Not strictly in this connection, *Panorama* debated the rival desirabilities of burial and cremation. A search was started for the missing arms of the Venus de



"Pardon!"

Milo, and though nothing came of this it may have inspired the new auto-destructive sculpture, designed to fall to pieces of its own accord in ten years. Madame Tussaud's couldn't wait, and melted down Mr. Peter Thorneycroft in a matter of minutes.

Money made news, starting with a new one-pound note and ending with President de Gaulle's plan to spend £2,000,000,000 on the bomb. The price of paper bags went up, but didn't prevent shops from popping invulnerably-packaged purchases into free specimens inscribed "Season's Greetings." The Coal Board had plenty of coal but no money. Building Societies were recommended to use less reliable-sounding names. Mr. Bevins tried to sell more telephones with costlier calls, a Rutland vicar demanded his wedding fees half-way through the ceremony, and a plan to turn the railways into highways was loosely costed at £960,000,000. Rudyard Kipling's Rolls was advertised for £500, the rouble was revalued, smog-masks came in under the National Health, the farthing vanished, Laurie Lee made £1,000 out of cider, and Miss Loren had her jewellery stolen but went on to be a millionairess all the same.

The social side of things was mildly shaken up with the plan to put Boy Scouts into long trousers and the official dilemma over whether Miss

Jacqui Chan's father should be allowed to photograph a royal honeymoon couple on their arrival at Tobago. Pin-ups were barred in a Glasgow prison, but the step proved no deterrent, and by the year's end it looked as if the only bank not broken into would be Jodrell. A tramps' hostel at St. Albans was closed down for lack of tramps, who presumably kept going on their way to the nearest ten-year car-test garage.

Sport may be said to have included Dr. Barbara Moore, now an international, and record gates to watch showbiz footballers—leading to murmurs from the directors' seats about the possibility of buying Mr. Cliff Richard for Arsenal. Stirling Moss had his licence suspended. So, a little later, did Lester Piggott. There was talk of professionalizing Wimbledon, cricket umpires were thrown by throwing, and potholes were proposed to be made safe for potholers by artificial widening of narrow bits. The R.S.P.C.A. got angry about Aintree, but no one took very seriously a suggestion for setting Mrs. Topham at Beecher's Brook.

In the scientific field, Greek examination entrants were enabled to crib by short-wave, aerial fishing for nose-cones caught on, monsters were glimpsed in Holy Loch and the Russians came out with the godless theory that Lot's wife was really crystallized by an atomic

explosion. Electronics touched a new achievement high with a machine giving fifteen days' warning of impending swarms of bees, and a New Jersey scientist, not to be outdone, marketed an artificial champagne for ship launching, guaranteed not to stain the clothing of dignitaries or injure new paint. Parking-meters marched on, Christmas toy lists included model 280 mm. atomic cannons, and U.S. experts advised that the ideal precaution under nuclear bombardment would be a retreat, drunk, into a refrigerator.

Foreign events in general followed their usual eccentric course. Some alert diagnostician cleverly noticed that the Japanese royal baby had got jaundice, thus shaming U.S. colleagues who were being taken to task for constant carelessness in removing the wrong limbs and organs from trusting patients. There was intermittent news from the Congo. Senator Tupini, Italy's Minister of Tourism, announced that visitors could now kiss on the beaches. Lord Montgomery reported favourably on the Chinese. There was a presidential election in America.

People continued. Humphrey Lyttelton lost his trumpet but, to the regret of the ignorant, found it again. Sarah Skinner lost Dandy Kim, still missing as we go to press. There was an item about a Mr. Francis Powers, several about a Dr. Castro, many about the Duke of Bedford, Judy Huxtable, Jim Laker and Sammy Davis, Jun. Liberace flew in with fifty suits, but didn't bring any of them against anybody this time.

As usual certain people and things defy classification, among them King Bhumipol, China's claim to own Everest, the abolition of the nine o'clock news, a *Times* correspondence beginning "Can it be that the days of the flag-pole are numbered?" and a wide-ranging roughly religious bag touching on the calling of a nun to the Irish bar and a statement by the Archbishop of Canterbury that his strongest impression of his evangelical travels was the expression on the face of a camel. These items, nevertheless, are significant in their own way, and none more so, perhaps, than the marketing by Moscow perfume-manufacturers of a scent called "Kremlin." This, looking back on the three hundred and sixty-six days (you mean you'd even forgotten *that*?), may be thought to have been all-pervading.



# The Last of the Hypochondriacs

By DAVID STONE

IT was a lot of things—being thirty, the opening of the rugby season, the tailor saying he thought he ought to remeasure me. I felt *mortal*, trapped in a circle of getting up, working, drinking and smoking overmuch, going to bed . . . I had to face the fact I was no longer the clean-cut hero of the Freshmen's Trial.

Then someone suggested: "Why not go to Botsey Manor for a week or so?"

My first reaction was to laugh. Botsey Manor is a back-to-Nature hydro near Andover, featured in the papers from time to time as a rustic decoking unit for over-indulgent and ageing millionaires; a place for those with genuine ailments, as well, but surely not somewhere to provide solace for a hypochondriac with a normal London syndrome.

Then someone else—a fortyish P.R. man—said he'd lost two stone there. But it was a journalist's description of Botsey as "full of the most tremendous willing fruits" which finally made my mind up for me.

That afternoon I telephoned Botsey. A thin voice, redolent of Earth Ray Thought-Forces, diffidently said I could have a single room on the Sunshine Floor for thirty guineas a week. *Thirty!* But I rationalized: less than the night flight to Lisbon, half the fare to Catania, —in a word, a snip. And how well it will make me feel, how much good it will do me!

On the letter from Botsey Manor confirming my reservation was printed in red:

PLEASE ARRIVE BEFORE  
THE CLOCK STRIKES FOUR

In fact, it was just before ten when I crunched up the driveway. SLOW DOWN, said a notice, PATIENTS WALKING. *Patients.* I shivered slightly. My headlights caught the tails of parked cars: a 1961 Cadillac, a new Rolls-Royce, several Bentleys, a Thunderbird, a Facel-Vega . . .

NO SMOKING IN THE MANOR, said an ashtray by the front door. I dogged out my butt and went in.

"I'll show you where to park your

car," said a small woman in brown lace.

"What about my suitcases?" I asked.

"Oh, the porter'll bring those," she said, and directed me to a car park about half a mile away.

"What about my suitcases?" I asked the woman when we got back to the Manor.

She looked around for them, and I explained they were in the car.

She watched me carry them back to the house.

"You're sure it's all right?" she whispered suddenly. "You haven't got a *condition*?"

"Goodness me, no," I found myself booming. "I feel in tiptop shape."

The Manor was like the Great Eastern Hotel. Two ladies who looked as though they had stayed alive to greet an Army of Liberation shuffled by.

My room on the Sunshine Floor was perfectly adequate, and I lit a cigarette and took a soothing puff. Suddenly my



"They don't make frames like that nowadays."

door opened, and a man wearing what looked like fencing kit came in. I tried to hide my fag behind my back, but he smiled amiably.

"It's quite all right to smoke in here," he said, and he introduced himself as Mr. Singleton, the Chief Specialist. The fencing clothes were, in fact, his professional dress.

He sat down and gave me a pep talk about Botsey.

"We're all human," he observed in a rich Welsh voice, "and we all know the perils of modern civilization. We abuse Nature. What we try to do at Botsey Manor is give you a real clean-out, get rid of all that tension. You're very tense, aren't you?"

I was, and there was a very simple reason: the relish he had put on the word "clean-out." However, I merely nodded.

"What we do here," he went on, "is get you back into fighting trim. You'll feel better, you'll look better, you'll be ready to return to your business life rejuvenated."

As he spoke I studied him closely. He was one of the most desperately unhealthy looking men I had ever seen. He was about fifty, and he looked as

though he would have a good story to tell Mr. Maugham. Also he had a slight cold.

"I'm putting you on the juice diet for a few days, and to-morrow there'll be massage, a salt rub and we'll have another talk."

Just as he was going I remembered something I'd been meaning to ask.

"Where's the bathroom?" I said.

"We don't have baths," he said, and was gone.

At seven the next morning a cheery voice bounced me from sleep. A white-coated figure was putting a tray by my bed. On it was a glass of hot water and half an orange.

Mr. Singleton breezed in again for our talk. His cold was worse.

"We all wear dressing gowns here during the day," he said.

I put on my woolly robe and went downstairs to the hall. All that it needed was a band playing "Nearer my God to Thee" and it would have been a dead ringer for the *Titanic*.

Many of the people had towels over their arms, and were hobbling to and from rooms marked MESSAGE, COLONIC, SMOKING, JUICE DIET, and SALT RUB.

On some people the effects of the grain and the grape were clearly visible; with others, time alone had been less kind than he might. I was overcome with two emotions: acute embarrassment, and the feeling of being an impostor.

The massage was harmless, and the salt rub turned out to be just what it said. Then I went to lunch.

The waitress put a meat cube in a cup and poured hot water on it, then handed it to me.

I took it and sat next to three dowagers who had finished their meal.

"I never think the *canard pressé* at Lapérouse is as good as the Tour d'Argent," said one.

"Especially with game chips and that thick gravy," said another.

"And those ices!" said the third.

I walked away quickly and went into SMOKING.

There was a large, red-faced man in the room, puffing away on a huge cigar. When he saw me he started laughing.

"Damn fine show here," he said.

"I've had nothing but hot water for a fortnight. Lost two stone. Ha ha ha." I got the impression that he was going mad, and I went as quickly as I could.

I had nothing to do until dinner, and after that nothing until bed. There was a notice board on the wall, and I thought it might suggest some diversion.

One postcard was pinned on it: WILL WHOEVER TOOK MRS. MIRVINGTON'S COPY OF THE WAY OF REDEMPTION PLEASE RETURN IT IMMEDIATELY, it said.

Mr. Singleton sent for me. He now had a cough as well.

"Well, clead oud do-morrow. You're dowed for a colodic."

The buffoon from the smoking-room was in the hall as I walked through.

"Had your clean-out yet?" he said, roaring with laughter, and mimed what would happen.

An old lady saw my horror-struck face and asked me what was the matter with me.

"Nothing," I said, and went over to the telephone booth.

I got through to London Airport promptly and the man said there was a night flight to Lisbon and they would gladly take a cheque.

I packed, and then sought out Mr. Singleton and told him I was going. He sneezed heavily.

"You nebber doe wed you mide *hab* do cub bag," he mumbled, and shook my hand.

The buffoon watched me carry my cases out.

"Whatever you do, don't have a heavy meal," he shouted. "Chap last week ate twenty-four Mars bars on the trot and they had to use the stomach pump." This was so funny I think he had a stroke, but I didn't look in my rear-view mirror.

I reached Lisbon in the wee small hours, and my kindly host was there to greet me.

"How are you?" he said.

"Never felt better," I replied.

Then I sneezed.

☆

"A store of information would be fed to the machine about each taxpayer and his history would be kept up to date. Fresh information, for example, of marriages and the births of children would be supplied to the machine twice a week."

*Shields Gazette*

Mark you, they've always said electronics would increase productivity.



# THE END OF THE WORLD



"... so now, over to Stonehenge and Richard Dimbleby."

"And here, in the heart of chalky Wiltshire, very great numbers of sightseers have been assembling since before dawn. For me, the chief difference between this gathering and the many others I have witnessed is their extreme composure and quietude. Here and there a prudent family is boiling a kettle on a portable tea-making outfit, but there are few other signs of activity. There was a bit of excitement an hour ago when a brilliant red light began to glow in the sky, but it proved to be nothing more startling than the sunrise; so if the old saying has any truth in it we are probably in for another wet day..."

## What to Wear

WE'VE always maintained—and this is no moment to lose one's nerve—that a really big occasion ought to be fun. Fun for everyone who's going to get that last entrancing glimpse of a final you, fun for whoever it is you're going to meet next. No good, we think, playing safe with one of those stand-by, pared-down, let's-go-on-somewhere little black dresses that can look so like a nothing, utterly unmemorable, not really doing a thing for you. Planning in advance is the whole secret, and letting that sense of adventure have its head.

Give yourself a few days' bliss weeding out your present wardrobe, junk all those timeless dateless shapeless good tweed suits you're never, repeat *never* going to wear again. Then go all out for something that makes you feel r-e-l-a-x-e-d as well as fabulous. If you're going to be seeing to last-minute drinks, it's not going to help you look serene and perfectly in command of a demanding situation if your feet are killing you in last year's beaten-up stilettos. And if you don't know your type by now, after all we've done to help, we just hope you aren't going to be dead loss, that's all.

Don't be stamped into wearing all you've got, such as a tweed *tailleur* with tiara and every charm bracelet you can lay hands on. Don't get a rush of sentimentality to the head and settle for something baby-blue with a touch of white near the face because the man in your life associates it with a precious moment. If inside you there's always been an *après-ski* charmer, or coffee-bar Bardot, or cool swinging beauty in Thai silk pants with any number of whopping bobbles, simply screaming to get out, better express the inner you now. It'll take courage, but for once your bitchier friends won't be there for a post-mortem next morning.

Of course you won't need to think about feeding, moisturizing, hormonizing and shark-oiling your face at this stage and upper-lip fuzz and unsightly eye-bags must just be left to look after themselves. If you'd been following our advice, they wouldn't have occurred anyway. Don't take that usual merciless stare at your face in the glaring light over the bathroom mirror, but make every possible daring sweep with eyeliners and mascara brushes in all possible directions and in all colours you can rustle up. It'll give you confidence and add a note of festivity. Be lavish with your perfume. For once we'd avoid translucent facepowder, green cheekbone shadows or lipstick in the new fig-browns and withered-leaf tones. Rouge is again in fashion, and there's nothing like a touch of it high up under the eyes for lending a look of radiance and just a suggestion of delighted astonishment.

Don't attempt a last-minute frosted nail-varnish, it might not have time to dry. Don't be caught mooching about in a grubby old housecoat and bunny-scoffs, and allow a good hour for trimming and sticking-on eyelashes, burnishing heels and elbows and lying down flat on your face to de-tense the tummy. Remember what you're looking forward to combines the excitement of a Last Night with that of a blind date, and overdressing would be out of key. If you think you can carry off a ball-gown in a fabric with special texture-appeal such as sackcloth, this might well combine the best of both worlds. And remember we always think the woman with really lasting allure is the one who looks as though she's secretly listening for some distant delicious sound, trumpets maybe. Just think, if you can't look the most, you're anyway going to look the last. Keep a pair of spanking fresh white gloves handy as always, use those last few seconds to relax your shoulders—remember a sloppy posture spoils everything—and above all, have fun. You've always been our favourite kind of reader, and we regret having to cancel the subscription-renewal form with free perfume gift-voucher enclosed with this issue.

PUNCH	0.0	20	Ry. of Se'ld	0.0	91	Crown Zellerbach
District	0.0		Schreders	0.0		Obituary Sheets
Eng. Sc. & A.	0.0		Std. of S.A.	0.0		De Punt de Nieuw
Hamb's Bk.	0.0	14	Std. of S.A.	0.0	25	Eastman Kodak
Hong & Sh.	0.0		Std. of S.A.	0.0	43	Ford Motor
Lloyds	0.0	14	W'm'sir "A"	0.0	14	General Electric
Lombard B.	0.0	30	Do. "B"	0.0		General Motors
BREWERIES AND DISTILLERIES						Griffith Safety
Amstel	0.0	23.0	Mit's & B.	0.0	18.0	Goodyear Tire
As. Br. Malt	0.0	213	Ramsden T.	0.0	5.6	Gulf Oil Corp.
Base (50)	0.0	2.6	Rhymney	0.0	12.1	International
Bentley's Y.	0.0	12.0	Sandwich C.	0.0	9.6	International



CALM . . . .  
CONTENT . . . .  
SECURE . . . .



For others this is a time of tension, but Mr. Bagstock knows that should anything happen to him between now and the End of the World his dear ones will be well looked after. Wise man, he came to us and asked our advice, and we told him of our new Ultra-short Life Policies, specially conceived to meet needs like his.

**INDOMITABLE INSURANCE**  
*serves the People*

The National Mutual Indomitable & Adamantine Insurance Co.

"Well, the rain is falling steadily here now, ominously darkening the faces of the great prehistoric stones and drenching the great multitude waiting here for the great, very probably unique, occasion. Though no what I might call supernatural developments have occurred so far, the air of expectancy remains unflagging. The Lord Lieutenant of Wiltshire told me earlier that . . ."

. . . that the point, though not now of any great practical importance, was one of great nicety. It would be pleasant if the court were able, as its last act, to leave this section of the Law tidier than it found it.

HIS LORDSHIP agreed on the nicety of the point, and reserved his judgment. (Laughter.)

### Telegrams from All Quarters

PARIS—General de Gaulle to-day announced a snap referendum on whether France should cease to exist with the rest of the world. "It is," he said, "an historic moment for France and for de Gaulle."

GENEVA.—The Disarmament Conference broke up in an atmosphere of goodwill. At a farewell Press conference all delegates agreed that perceptible progress had been made over the past eighteen months.

HAVANA.—Dr. Castro is still making his marathon six-day television speech, attacking "a world-wide conspiracy of dollar imperialism" for not letting him finish.

JACKSON, MISS.—Police reinforcements are being flown in to control riots against a desegregated after life.

LEOPOLDVILLE.—Colonel Mobutu and Mr. Lumumba, in a final effort to settle their differences, have taken each other prisoner. The situation remains confused.

MOSCOW.—Mr. Khrushchev has pronounced the coming dissolution "another triumph for Marxist-Leninism" in particular for the prophecy that the state itself will wither away.

"Hello again, and I get the impression here that something is happening at last. There's a distinct disturbance on one of the far fringes of this great, expectant crowd, and I hope to be able to tell you in a moment exactly what it signifies . . . I still can't see anything very definite, I'm afraid . . . the rain is still falling and I hear from information supplied by the meteorological office that it may turn to sleet on high ground. If, of course, time permits. Ah, sorry, false alarm, I'm afraid. Apparently a Mr. Aspinall had opened a book on the exact time of the day's big event, and police had to move in."

so, taking a line through Angel's Guest, who gave Boddilove six pounds in the Boycott Stakes over in Dublin in October and won handsomely but was barely holding False Modesty, weight for weight, when the latter came down at the third fence from home (though neither had been extended by an otherwise moderate field), and making all due allowance for the suspect strain in False Modesty's pedigree, it seems clear that, if she can stand up the whole way round, FALSE MODESTY fully justifies her place as favourite, and would have been my nap but for interference from an agency over which the National Hunt Committee has no proper control. The 3.30 at York, too, would have posed an interesting problem . . .

*There will be no solution to to-day's Crossword (No. 9564)*

# The End of the World is going to be the Climactic Event of the Season, so of course your Favourite Diarist will be There!

I suppose I'm just about the most sophisticated person in my glittering set, but I must admit that I'm getting into a bit of a tizzy under the pressure of the last few hours!

My telephones haven't stopped ringing all day. Everybody who is anybody socially is determined to set a good example to those who are less fortunate by keeping up the old traditions and making to-day's event elegant and gay.

## Black Tie or White?

I gather from fabulously fashionable friends of mine that a lot of people are looking forward to the end of the world with some misgivings, because nobody knows what the proper form is.

I gather that Lady Jane Heaton, the popular Chelsea guitarist, will go just as she is at the time, and I expect many of her followers will do the same, so some colourful informality is ensured.

I gather that Lady Moorea Wyatt still hasn't decided whether to fly to Venice for a party there or to her husband's constituency, but I should say that this is one day when the future of the Labour Party may have to take second place in the arrangements of many politicians' families. Mr. Macmillan has invited Mr. Michael Foot, Mr. Harold Wilson, and others who have done so much to help the Conservative Party in recent months to attend the festivities at Number Ten Downing Street, but they have told the Prime Minister that unilaterally they have decided not to recognize the end of the world.

## Thanks-Giver

I hear that Godfrey Winn is serene in spite of all the excitement around him. "To-day will seem as natural as



*This is how Godfrey Winn sees it*

flowers in springtime for those of us who have always been sensitive, thoughtful, decent and tender," he told me. "I am spending to-day thinking of all the things to be grateful for. I plan to take a hamper from Fortnum's and set up camp outside Buckingham Palace. The Palace has always been so wonderful to me I feel it's the least I can do. And perhaps—who knows?—perhaps they'll wave." Anyway, I can assure Mr. Winn that on this special occasion Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones will be allowed to carry his camera.

## A Pity

I telephoned the Duke of Windsor at the Waldorf Towers in New York and asked him what he was going to do. He tells me he has sold all his rights to his impressions of the day to *Life* magazine. Wouldn't this be a fitting time to put an end to all that?

## Patriotic

I can reveal that Aristotle Onassis has persuaded Miss Elsa Maxwell to organize a party in Monte Carlo and has issued a radio order to all his tankers all over the world that they are to hoist Greek flags if they have any on board.

## PERSONAL

## To-morrow's Weather

FORECAST CHART  
FOR MIDDAY DEC. 29

"LET US CROWN ourselves with rosebuds, before they be withered."—Solomon, 2, 8.

"TODAY AND TOMORROW." The Society for Reforming the World gives notice that the series of lectures announced under this title will now be known as "Today." Tickets for the remaining lectures can be obtained from the Society, 15 Upper Berkeley Mews, W.2.

THE TIMES CALENDAR for 1961—special edition for the end of the world, containing only pictures with no numerical or astronomical material. An artistic reminder of creation as we knew it. From stationers or booksellers, or direct from the Publisher, The Times Office, Printing House Square, London, E.C.4.

A PROSPEROUS COMPANY engaged in the manufacture and marketing of gold bricks is for sale. Glittering prospects for anyone prepared to hold a stake in the future. Apply Box Q606, The Times, E.C.4.

TIME IS RUNNING SHORT! The "Fulgrace" electrically driven prayer-wheel will increase your capacity for intercession with "whatever gods may be" to an almost limitless extent. Over 15,000 r.p.m. 24 hours a day. State AC or DC when ordering. Fulgrace Prayer-wheels, Skipton, Yorks.

HARP LESSONS, modern or classical style, by LRCM. Write Box D20, The Times, E.C.4.

ARE YOU OUTRAGED? About anything? Positively the last Protest March (from Trafalgar Square, via American, Russian and German Embassies, to Aldermaston) now taking place. Join anywhere along route.

WIMBLEDON 1961. Six tickets all finals centre court. Holder will exchange for almost anything. Write Box J6601.

DOGS! Need they suffer for human shortcomings? Funds urgently wanted to send dogs into Outer Space. Write to Save-a-Dog, Andover Rd, Painswick, Glos.

GENTLEMAN wishes to meet Gentleman interested accuracy prophecies of Great Pyramid. Write Box K5983.

LADY, who has recently taken to praying, would be interested to hear of recipes for hardening sensitive knees. Write Box P8863.

IT IS NOT TOO EARLY to drink the quick-developing 1960 clarets. You will acquire a taste for them in minutes. Ask your local wine merchant. (Issued by the Anglo-French Wine-lovers' Association.)

999 YEAR lease for sale, Belgravia. Site ripe for development. Planning permission for tower block already obtained. Write Box K3870.

GENTLEMAN wishes exchange complete cricket kit (3 bats, 2 prs. pads, batting gloves, etc, and five old balls) for equipment for more seasonable sport. Anything considered, even ice hockey. Write Box N4843.

NELLIE. Come back. All is forgiven. Bob.

UNDERGRADUATE, 21, strong, able, is willing to go anywhere, do anything after Jan 2 in exchange for £50 ready cash now. Write Box D1817.

COLD, WRETCHED, LONGING for warmth? The sun shines in Majorca. Return air fare very reasonable. Single, if wished, dirt cheap. Write Box Z4561.

OPPORTUNITY occurs for experienced contact man to operate in completely new sphere, name own figure for satisfactory results. Future assured for right man. Write Box H5692.

MOON-TRIP (this column, yesterday). Organizers regret to announce all seats now filled. Will applicants please accept this, the only intimation.

## Last Knights' First Nights

For what may well be its last big theatrical occasions London's West End had more titles than good plays. Five offerings surfaced there, and one at the Royal Court. For the first time in the history of the stage six actor-knights opened simultaneously, but none with any well-founded hope of a long run. There have been dark rumours at the Garrick Club of rank being pulled—otherwise how did six theatres conveniently fall vacant for these productions? The truth may never come to light. Greatest competition was for the Savoy and the new Royalty theatres, both of which are, of course, underground. My notices must necessarily be brief.

**MR. WENSLEYDALE'S WISHBONE** (Savoy). A savage attack on superstition, couched in comedy terms, but capable of a deeper interpretation. Arnold Beamishly, the author (who failed to appear when called by an angry gallery at the end) quotes from Harriet Beecher Stowe in a programme note, but still fails to make his meaning clear. Sir John Gielgud, though struggling manfully, is not ideally cast as an unhinged prison governor, but at least he knew his words. The rest of the cast were woefully under-rehearsed, and Mr. Brince Bargain, as a recidivist embezzler, was reading his from typescript. At the **ROYALTY**, a one-man reading from the works of Thomas Moore gave Sir Donald Wolfitt

a plainly enjoyable evening, and if he did turn over two pages, with a dramatic transition from "The Fudge Family" to "Oft in the Stilly Night" this is not a mistake he is likely to make again. Whether or not Sir Michael Redgrave felt out of place at the **WHITEHALL**—John Chapman's newest farce, *Two Pints of Mild*, is hardly his vehicle—can only be guessed. He was certainly unable to conceal his surprise when scene-shifters, apparently in great haste, entered his "Library" in Act One and changed it into "A Street near Marble Arch." Our programmes told us that Act Three should have changed back to the Library, a transformation which, in fact, didn't take place at all. At **THE ROYAL COURT**, Sir Laurence Olivier battled with the title role in Mr. Harold Pinter's *Bang!* Luckily, this author's style lends itself to under-rehearsal, and it was hard to say which was text and which the angry asides of the cast. The curtain fell suddenly towards the end of Act Two and was not raised again, and by the time Sir Laurence came on to the apron with an explanation the audience, who had been reading evening papers by the light of matches, had left. Owing to a prior engagement, I was unable to drop in on either Sir Ralph Richardson's revival of *No, No Nanette!* (**HAYMARKET**) or what promised to be a tour de force by Sir Alec Guinness who was taking all the parts in *Later a Man Was Detained*, the new Christie at the **CRITERION**.

**Next Week's First Nights:** Details may be given later.

### VICKY LOOKS AT THE END OF THE WORLD



"THANK HEAVENS—ANOTHER EXCUSE FOR NOT GIVING THEM A RAISE!"



For the first time since its completion in 1890 painting has been suspended on the Forth Bridge, which, at the time of going to press, spans the River Forth at Queen's Ferry, near Edinburgh. The men now pronounced redundant are hoping to get a question asked in the House of Commons. The bridge cost over £3 m. to build.



"... and tell them to put some sugar in this time. I'm burning up energy at this damned microphone. They've what? Damn it, they've got a spare tea-pot, haven't they? If the—(pause, with rustling). Hrrrm. Here at Stonehenge things are much the same, and this is Richard Dimbleby returning you to the studio."

## Parliament

The Speaker took the Chair at half past two o'clock.

The Brighton and Worthing Coffee-bars (Registration) Act was read a third time.

### PURCHASE-TAX

MR. NABARRO (Kidderminster, C.) asked the Chancellor of the Exchequer why left-handed wedding-rings attracted purchase-tax at the rate of fifteen per cent. while right-handed wedding-rings were tax-free.

MR. SELWYN LLOYD (Wirral, C.).—There is comparatively little demand for left-handed rings, which are consequently almost all individually made by craftsmen. Right-handed rings can be turned out by mass-production methods.

MR. NABARRO.—Would not the Chancellor like it to go on record that his last official act was an act of consideration for left-handed bridegrooms?

MR. SELWYN LLOYD.—As I understand it, we shall all in any case soon be entering those realms where there is neither marriage nor giving in marriage. (Laughter.)

MR. SILVERMAN (Nelson and Colne, Lab.).—On a point of order, is it correct for the hon. Member for Kidderminster to refer to these proceedings as going on record when as far as we know the only record of them will be that of the Recording Angel?

THE SPEAKER.—I do not think it would be right to allow our proceedings to be affected by anything that may, or may not, be happening in another world.

### PENSIONS

MR. ARTHUR LEWIS (West Ham North, Lab.) asked if the increased rate of old-age pensions could not be introduced forthwith instead of on January 1.

MR. SELWYN LLOYD.—I am afraid that the administrative arrangements involved would be too complicated.

MR. LEWIS.—Is it not a crying shame that while the rich are guzzling away their last night on earth in the Savoy Hotel (Ministerial cries of "Shame!") old people are denied even the prospect of an extra crust of bread to see them into the next world?

MR. SELWYN LLOYD.—I do not think there would be any objection to an extra crust of bread in the circumstances, but it will have to be obtained in the proper way from the National Assistance authorities.

MR. LEWIS gave notice that he would raise the matter on the adjournment if only there was going to be an adjournment.

THE SPEAKER.—That is a matter that does not rest even with me. (Laughter.)

### END OF THE WORLD

MR. HAROLD MACMILLAN introduced the Second Reading of the End of the World (Financial Provision) Act. He said that while it would clearly be unbecoming to treat with too much levity the imminence of the greatest Summit Meeting in history, nevertheless he felt that the time had come when certain concessions might be made in the direction of increased relaxation on all sides. Had it been possible for the House to reassemble the Government would have introduced legislation to abolish income-tax and surtax (Opposition cries of "Shame!"), to bring back corporal punishment for sheep-stealing, and to establish a third, and indeed a fourth, television channel.

MR. EMRYS HUGHES (S. Ayrshire, Lab.).—You won't get off much Purgatory for that lot.

MR. MACMILLAN.—The avoidance of Purgatory has never been among the Government's objectives. (Ministerial cheers.)

The debate continues.

"And back again at Stonehenge we are still awaiting concrete developments. A minor disturbance was caused by a handful of Empire Loyalists, who tried to push one of the stones over just now, but the police are here in force—and in their ceremonial, buttoned-up-to-the-neck uniforms, incidentally—and the trouble-makers were soon . . ."



"Yes, and this time I really think—just a moment . . ."

## The Stars and You

**CAPRICORN** (December 21-January 19). The second half of the week is likely to be less eventful than the first. Some readjustment of your emotional life may be necessary.

**AQUARIUS** (January 20-February 18). Your financial affairs undergo a striking change, but make no long-term plans for the moment.

**PISCES** (February 19-March 20). Some alteration in the conduct of your business may be unavoidable. It will prove a trying week unless you are prepared to accept what comes.

**ARIES** (March 21-April 20). The anxieties of last week are likely to meet an early solution. Do not go out of your way to seek new friendships, which will not prove lasting.

**TAURUS** (April 21-May 20). Any illnesses will clear up abruptly, and the petty irritations of family life will disappear.

**GEMINI** (May 21-June 20). Do not undertake any new commitments, as circumstances may prevent you from fulfilling them.

**CANCER** (June 21-July 20). You may well become involved in events beyond your immediate family circle, but nothing will be gained by trying to avoid them.

**LEO** (July 21-August 21). Settlement of present difficulties may come from an unlooked-for source. The early part of the week will prove instructive.

**VIRGO** (August 22-September 22). No harm will come of spending some of your savings on immediate needs, even if you do not seem to derive any definite profit from doing so.

**LIBRA** (September 23-October 22). You may have to call a halt to some of your more ambitious plans. Your rivals, however, are likely to be in the same position.

**SCORPIO** (October 23-November 22). Any special opportunities that may arise in the early part of the week should be grasped, as they may not recur.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 23-December 20). You've had your chips.

### STOP PRESS

3.45 Catterick. Off 3.42  
 BLUENOSE . . . . . 1  
 GENERAL'S LEG . . . . . 2  
 THROMBOSIS . . . . . 3  
 Book: 20-1, 8-1 F, 100-8, 92 ran.

### FARE RISE OFF

A London Transport spokesman announced that the rise in fares, due on January 15, will not now

be Lp

★ "No more dicky-birds? Just my luck!" This pretty pussy, called Eartha after the first assignment of her master, agency cameraman Bert Cackley, was promised a slap-up portrait at birth. "But master never got around to it, and now he's used up his dicky-birds on THE big news story." (Luckily a colleague was handy with a spare plate.)

## Sayings of the Week

Beyond announcing that the Egg Marketing Board is suspending collections, it is too early to make any statement which might commit my colleagues in the cabinet to a definite course. — Mr. Christopher Soames, Minister of Agriculture  
 This time it's for keeps. — Miss Angel Tabora, after her ninth wedding

This is indeed a most timely intervention. — Mr. Julius Rackstraw, Secretary of the Society for the Prevention of the Advancement of Coloured People

My Society certainly cannot countenance such a large-scale public spectacle on the Sabbath. — Spokesman for the Lord's Day Observance Society

"Let us eat and drink . . ." is not an invitation to consume enormous quantities of ill-prepared food swilled down with inferior vintages. — Mr. Cyril Ray

## CENSUS, ENGLAND, 1961

### NOTES

1. The Census arranged for April 23, 1961, will not now take place. However, an emergency Census has been arranged.
2. The head of the household (see note 23) is hereby required to enter in the space provided on the form the names of every person resident in his house on the night of Jan 1, 1961.
3. Although this will in every case be a nil return, the General Register Office requires this information in order to complete its records.
4. Any person whose duty it is to make a return and failing to do so would have been liable to a fine not exceeding Ten Pounds.

"Well, after that second false alarm, I fancy it may be my imagination, but I fancy the crowds are thinning. I can see several mothers tucking the waterproofs over their kiddies' prams, and several cars have started up in the big, superbly organized car parks. This crowd has been the typical British crowd, orderly, cheerful and well disciplined. Litter, on the whole, has been kept to a minimum, and . . ."



THE END



"You just can't get away from striptease in the theatre these days."

## Party Line

By WYNNE THOMAS

I DON'T know how they spend their leisure in the R.A.F. these days but in my time the whole thing was terribly poorly organized. Actually, the trouble was that it wasn't organized at all. Authority, which arranged every minute of our working day down to the last inexplicable detail, left us to our own devices each evening with never a word of social guidance or recreational counsel. I'm not one to get bored easily but after four years pontoon began to lose its charm.

Perhaps they order these things better in the jet age. If not I suggest the

R.A.F. takes a leaf out of the book of a sister service. Or better still takes the whole book, a 118-page affair titled *A Guide to Social Recreation in the Royal Canadian Air Force* (R.C.A.F. pamphlet No. 76), issued under the authority of the chief of R.C.A.F. personnel.

This, which surely deserves to become the *vade mecum* of every station entertainment officer on two continents, gets down to business right away with an admirably succinct statement of the problem: "Without a reasonable degree of social acceptance,

life is indeed empty and drab. Everyone has a basic need for personal security. This is reflected in such strong human desires: to be a 'real guy' in the 'gang' or club; to be like others, not a 'misfit' or a wet blanket."

Having diagnosed the ailment, pamphlet No. 76 prescribes the remedy—the achievement of togetherness through the medium of R.C.A.F. parties. These "without being insulting or embarrassing . . . strive to make all present somewhat comical and reduce their social status to a common level." But, it warns sternly, "activities which



make one individual appear ridiculous should be avoided (e.g. pie throwing)." Apart from a little ambiguity (it is not quite clear which individual is made to look ridiculous, the thrower or the recipient) this is sound advice.

Who of my generation will easily forget the horror of those interminable evenings of boredom, when the only alternative to "Hi Cockalorum" in the mess was the grim prospect of four hours in the saloon bar of some village pub? What would we, as we thumbed our apathetic way through the three-months-old copies of *Flight* in the anteroom, not have given to learn how to play "Allah"? "All players are told to get in a crouch position on the floor with their heads down. They are told to repeat after the leader line by line: 'With all my heart; with all my mind; I know that I; stick out behind.'"

("Hi Cockalorum," I am glad to note, is ignored by pamphlet No. 76. It's easy to see why. "The activity has failed to achieve its objective if the following set of conditions prevail: (a) People become drunk; (b) People are bored; (c) There are fights or

violent arguments; (d) Groups are distinguishable by their rank, status, section or trade." "Hi Cockalorum" and (c) are indivisible and conditions (a) and (d) have been known to creep into some of the more offensive versions of the game.)

And who of us would not have traded those bacchanalian nights at the N.A.A.F.I. for the quieter pleasures of "Rabbit"? "All kneel on the floor in a circle. The leader asks each one in turn if he knows how to play rabbit. When they admit they do not, the leader rises and says 'Well, I guess we can't play it then; no one knows how.'"

Curiously enough, games requiring players to assume kneeling or crouching positions appear to predominate in the R.C.A.F. repertoire. Take "Royal Order of Siam," for instance. "All are asked to kneel in a circle to be initiated into the Order of Siam. They are requested to repeat after the leader the oath of allegiance 'Owa tagoo Siam.' They say it slowly at first, then rapidly. One by one they realize that they are saying 'O what a goose I am.'"

One has to be careful, of course. It's

possible to read sinister chauvinistic undertones into "Royal Order of Siam." And, social customs being what they are, some slight revision may be necessary if the R.A.F. decides to adopt pamphlet No. 76. "Guessing how much the hostess weighs," recommended as a "get-acquainted" game, may be all very well in the easy informality of Canada but an Englishman can see circumstance where prudence might demand forgoing such speculation. Safer here, one would think, to stick to "guessing how many beans in a jar" or "guessing how many will be present."

If you want to promote team spirit you can't do better than "Barnyard Din." "Peanuts are hidden around the room. Guests are divided into groups and each group is assigned an animal sound or bird call. On a signal they all try to see how many peanuts they can find but (this is the catch) only the leader may pick the peanuts up. The others, when they discover one, must attract the group leader's attention by making their animal call and pointing at the peanut. The object of the game is to see which group can find the most peanuts."

The foregoing form just a small part of the wealth of fun that lies between the unassuming covers of pamphlet No. 76. "Blindfolded handshakers," for example, or "Hot rod race" ("Each team is provided with a ridiculous pullable toy . . .") spell certain success for the most unpromising party. But I hope I've provided a sufficiently adequate sample to induce the R.A.F. to take a serious look at the pamphlet. It could do more for recruiting than a dozen pay increases.

I have only one criticism and this is that the anonymous authors have, in their modesty, seriously under-estimated the effect of their powers of inventiveness. It should be scarcely necessary to end such a catalogue of sure-fire entertainment with the admonition "Finish with a bang. Do not let the party die slowly."

☆

"Although disappointed at the failure of Sunday's moon rocket, U.S. scientists at this vast missile space centre are not dismayed. They are already working to repeat the performance—probably before the year-end."—*Financial Times*

"For lowliness is young ambition's ladder."



"Really, Tomkins, you'll have us smelling like a public house."



## Phoenix Observed

A few notes from the Bundesrepublik by RONALD SEARLE

An hour deep in the Black Forest, the ex-paratrooper driver of the car began to tell me a joke about a certain drunken Scotsman named "McKraus," who fell flat on the bottle of whisky he was nursing, felt his damp breast, looked at his hand and cried "Thank Gott, iss only blut!"

The story was longer and a little more grisly, and it successfully interrupted the careful lookout I had been keeping for Gnomes, or *Gnomen*. It was all part of an unlucky day which ended with my rightful ejection from the Casino at Baden-Baden for sketching the customers at play.

It was also a fitting exit from Germany, after a month of hot-footed zigzagging from Berlin Zoo Station, down the Rhine (by courtesy of *Rheindampfschiffahrt*) to the Lorelei Rock, through Upper Bavaria and back to the Schwarzwald, with pen and pencil ever at the ready.

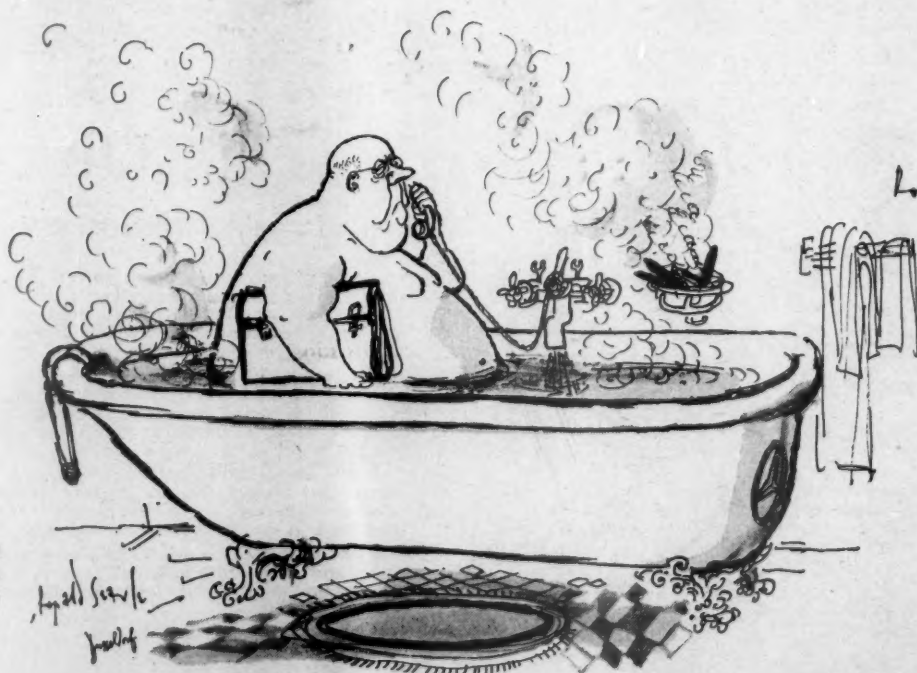
As I leaf through my notebooks—here the happy face of a *Gurkenhändlerin*, and there a beer-splashed page from the *Volksfest* in Straubing—I realize that every picture tells only half the story. The other half needs closer attention . . .





**Boys of the Bundeswehr**

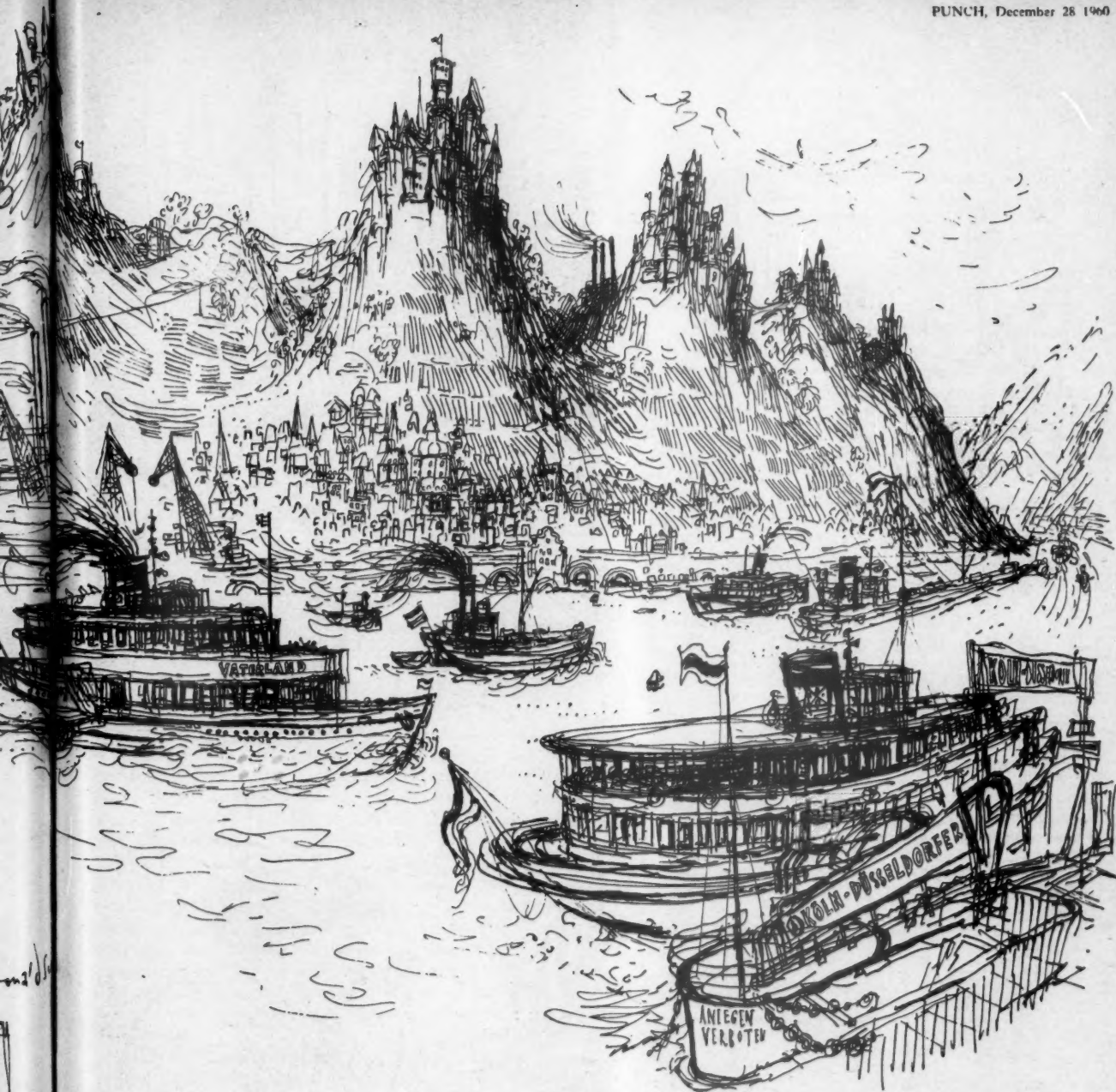
*Happy in their work at the Falkenstein Barracks, Coblenz*



**Der Industriekapitane**

*Big Business blossoms at its best in Düsseldorf, and the hard-working industrialist pursues his Grail by day and night*





**Something for everyone on the Rhine**

*Castles in the air, vineyards in the valleys and big business on the river*



**Visiting Rhine-maiden**

*Aboard the "Vaterland" from Coblenz to the Lorelei Rock*



### Volksfest in Bavaria

*Two thousand sweating beer drinkers in a state of togetherness, beating steins in harmony with the local band. For those who need extra diversion there is a Big Wheel outside and the Fattest Woman in the World on view*



### Kaffee und Kuchen in the Kurfürstendamm

*The solid gobbling of Butterkremtorte in rhythm with nearby steam hammers adds much to the air of solid reconstruction that is apparent in Western Berlin*

# Mediatrics

*Or the care of the Middle-aged*

By H. F. ELLIS

## 1. The Excluded Middle

THE Law of the Excluded Middle, well known to logicians, asserts the principle that between two contradictories, A and not-A, no third or middle term is possible. There appears to be a widespread and dangerous belief among sociologists and others that this Law can be extended from logic to life. So much emphasis is now placed upon the Care of the Young and the Care of the Old that the very existence of those who are neither the one nor the other is in danger of being forgotten or at best ignored. For every hundred books, pamphlets and articles dealing with Babyhood, The Growing Boy, Teenage Problems, or the Old Folks, it would be difficult to find one that tackles, frankly and knowledgeably, the distresses and difficulties of the Forties and Fifties. The same is true of TV programmes, films, lectures, even plays. Clubs, centres, societies, clinics and institutes designed exclusively for young or old spring up almost daily. How many Homes for the Middle-aged have been built in the past ten years? Where is the man of forty-five to look for the guidance and help he so badly needs? The answers to these questions reveal an almost total disregard for what is perhaps the most vital bracket in all our age-groups.

What are the facts? The latest figures available at the present writing show that there are some 17,468,000 persons in the United Kingdom between the ages of thirty-five and fifty-nine. No precise definition so far as I know has ever been laid down for middle age, but the above limits will probably be generally agreed, with some dissent from those in their late thirties and early sixties. Out of a total population of rather more than fifty-one million *over a third* belong to this Forgotten Bracket, as compared with less than a sixth (at 8,371,000) for the Old and only 18,279,000, or not much more than a third, of the pampered Young.\* Numerically at least the middle-aged have a right to demand equality of care and consideration with any other group.

But mere numbers are not a conclusive argument. What is of far more consequence is that the Middle Group is

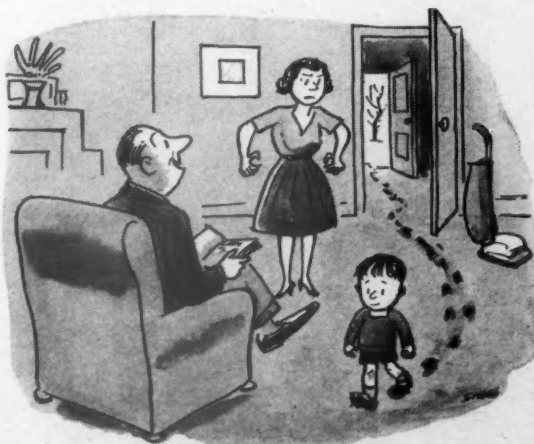
without question the most important of all to the nation's daily life. The Future is said to belong to Youth and they are welcome to it. But it has not arrived yet; and when it does they will be middle-aged. The Present, which is a far heavier responsibility, is in the hands of the forties and fifties. I will not dwell on the multifarious duties and burdens, the high executive posts, directorships, headmasterships, colonelcies, the financial strains, all the intolerable stresses of life and leadership that fall upon this age-group at a time when its physical and mental powers are on the decline. A single pointer will serve. Were it not for the middle-aged, who would exercise that constant care of the Young and the Old, upon which so much emphasis is placed? Is it to be supposed that the young would take soup to septuagenarians or the old run rock-'n'-roll clubs for the teenagers? It is not. Only the middle-aged, busiest and most harassed of all brackets, can find the time and energy to manage other people's lives for them.

And yet for this splendid, hard-pressed section of the population, despised by the young and pestered by the old, frustrated, balding, rushed, dyspeptic, over-taxed and indispensable, next to nothing has up to now been done.

It is my hope in later papers on this very new science of mediatrics to deal in detail with a number of the special problems that beset the middle-aged,† their causes, symptoms

\* The Expression "Young" covers all persons from nought to twenty-five years of age and thus includes "young marrieds," who certainly do not suffer from any lack of help, guidance and encouragement. This leaves unaccounted for some 7,091,000 between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-four—a nebulous group, neither young nor middle-aged, who may be ignored. Smug, self-centred, self-sufficient, and still under the illusion that their children are merely at an Awkward Age which will pass, they neither desire advice nor accept it if offered, except in such matters as Home Décor and Outfits for Holidays Abroad.

† It should be made clear that this series deals very largely with the problems of middle-aged *men*. Women, owing to the "admission" barrier referred to in the next paragraph, cannot as yet be effectively helped.



"Remember how thrilled you were when he took his first step?"



and consequences, and to suggest in outline some of the means by which they may be overcome, or at least ameliorated. We shall have to speak of Neaniaphobia and of the organization of anti-youth clubs; of personal problems connected with clothing, drink, the dropping of tobacco ash and kindred matters; of the ever-present fear of becoming a bore, or its even more disastrous absence; of the so-called Dependability trauma; of pin-pricks and how to guard against them; of rehabilitation clinics; of ailments, more particularly in others; of pomposity and the onset of spectacles; of advice-resistance in other age-groups and modern methods of treating the resulting neuroses; of wise and timely preparation in the late fifties to fit men and women to play their full part in the calmer bracket that will soon enclose them. We shall probably not have to speak of sex, which mediatrists agree is better handled on TV.

But first it is necessary to face up boldly to the question. What is middle-age? Nobody can be helped who is either unable to recognize it or unwilling to own up to it. Admission, as with alcoholics, is of course an essential preliminary to treatment.

It is customary among mediatrists to adopt approximately the method of classification employed by the late Sir Arthur Evans to distinguish the successive phases of Minoan civilization. Thus Early Middle Age I and II (E.M. I and II) are followed by Middle Middle Age, which is divided into three phases and in turn gives way to Late Middle I and II. This is greatly to be preferred, owing to individual idiosyncrasies, to any attempt to sub-classify by actual years of age. The classification generally accepted, together with the characteristics symptomatic of each phase, is as follows:

E.M. I (Transitional A.) Amusement at being called "sir" by young fellows of eighteen. First signs of pomposity, e.g. when discussing school reports, smoking cigars or preparing car for long journey. Pyjama coat no longer tucked inside trousers. Home carpentry may begin.

E.M. II Collar up to 15½. Stem of pipe freely pointed at opponent when arguing. Phrase "I'm not as young as I was" still used playfully and without conviction. Tendency to ask to see the manager when annoyed in restaurants and shops. Incipient



## People at Parties

by Larry



- M.M. I** petrification of views (watch for inclination to classify other people as "sound" or "unsound"). First Vice-presidency of local club offered. Reluctance to look closely at crown of head in tailor's fitting-room. Change from gin to whisky before dinner. Sudden aghast realization in mid-sentence that one is in fact saying that manners/summers/new potatoes/batsmen/cars were better in the old days. Touch of defiance when eating shell-fish.
- M.M. II** Headmasters look too young for the job. First use of phrase, expressed or unexpressed "It's hardly worth getting a new tennis racket/dinner jacket/pair of bathing things." Short-lived decisions to take things up (painting, reading history, cactuses). Annoyance when young men of twenty-five do not call one "sir."
- M.M. III** Involuntary grunts when picking objects off floor still thought to be half-humorous and deliberate. Feeling of surprised nausea when school contemporaries get knighthoods. Final abandon-

**L.M. I**

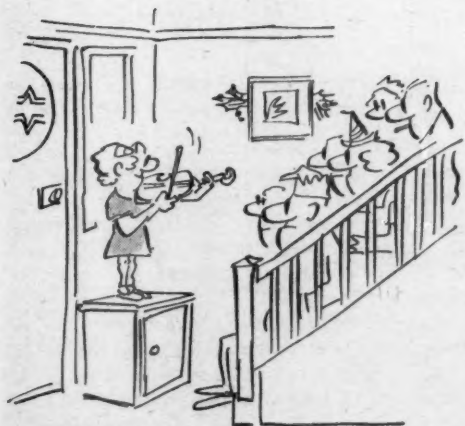
ment of inverted commas when saying "At my age..." coupled with delayed dismay at instinctive pleasure on seeing somebody of same age described in print as "comparatively young man."

**L.M. II**

Absolute conviction that manners/summers/batsmen/etc. were better in the old days. Waistcoat almost permanently covered with tobacco ash. Lobster finally given up. Dislike of young people beginning to fade. Occasional doubt whether one has not said the same thing to the same person quite recently. Walking stick carried in the country to point things out with.

(Transitional B.) Indifference as to whether one has said the same thing to the same person recently or not. Longing for panama hat. Pity for what life has done to contemporaries. Belief that one has a certain quiet distinction when nodding off after luncheon. Tendency to overplay amusing premature traits of old age. Brandy.

**Next Week : Some Personal Problems**





"Come back later and try again, dear—when television's finished."

## Loan Floater

By R. SQUIRE

THAT leading amateur money-lender, Mr. Arthur Besmirsch, is a heavily built, redfaced man in his forties, a little shorter than average but confident and well muscled. His eyes are kindly but his bulldog jaw argues that he can be firm when he must. He is often in the Duke and it was there that we interviewed him.

"What made you start lending money, Mr. Besmirsch?"

"I always wanted to help people, it was my hobby even as a boy and that was why I began lending money to other lads who were short."

"So you now have many years' experience?"

"Yes, indeed. I know a touch when I see it a mile off. Chaps come up to me in the pub, at work or out in the street and start to talk about the weather. Say no more, I tell them, you

want to borrow a pound till pay-day, right?"

"And do they?"

"I'm never wrong. Often they insist they never meant to borrow anything but I know they are only shy. I have had to chase some of the more backward ones down the street and struggle on the pavement with them before I can get the nicker into their wallets."

"Why is it you never accept interest?"

"Because it is against my principles to lend money for profit."

"Do you always get repaid?"

"Always. Mind you, people are forgetful and there are those I have to drop a gentle reminder to, like waiting outside where they work on pay-day and taking the money off them."

"Do they ever regret having to pay you back?"

"Yes, but I point out that they will feel better if they square up their debts and I also give them a shaking, even knocking their blocks off, if need be, as a sort of object lesson."

"But suppose you cannot find one of these slow payers?"

"I always do. No, wait, I had one failure; he joined the Foreign Legion, though he will be time-expired in five years and eight months, when he will doubtless pay back the ten bob he owes me. But most of my people do not go all that far away and I track them down easily. It has given me some delightful motorcycling holidays, what with one chap gone to North Wales and somebody else working on Tyneside. The travel has broadened my mind a lot. I spent a week on a trawler fleet, looking for a man who was supposed to have signed as a deck-hand, but it was a false lead and when at last I found him he was working at a fun fair. He gave me my two pound ten back without much argument, after I'd knocked him down a couple of times."

"What is your opinion of the honesty of the average man?"

"Very good, I would say. You can always make the average man see reason and pay his debts if you treat him right. Being a black belt and a bit of a boxer also helps, I find."

"Thank you, Mr. Besmirsch, I'll remember your advice the next time I lend money."

## The Gimmick

Asked about his choice of numbers an American singer explained: "I like to like the songs I sing."

NO schmalz for those (and here I quote)

Who "like to like" the songs they sing:  
As of to-day in every throat  
A real sincerity must ring.

I guess you gotta have it *here*,  
Else why this thing about the words?  
Without its lyrics are sincere,  
A song is strictly for the birds.

— ANTHONY BRODE



# Trouble Among the Compacts

By MALCOLM BRADBURY

**I**T was John C. Mackie, the Highway Commissioner for the State of Michigan, who started it. He said: "They may be socially desirable in some parts of the country, but I think they are a nuisance. If they really take hold—and I don't think they will—then it is inevitable that gas and weight taxes will have to go up, both for the federal and state government." I was of course agog, wondering what dreaded plague it was that was attacking America, and so I read on and found out. It was small cars.

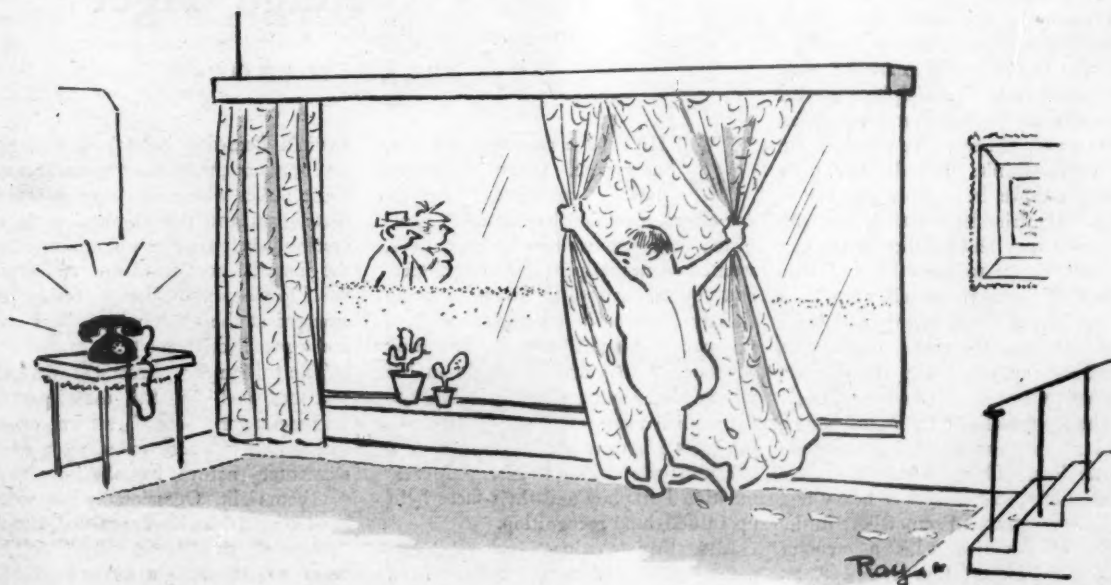
It appears that the small car has really taken hold in America, and people are becoming very concerned on the subject. It all began, actually, among the exurbanites, the people who commute with nature. These are the people who work in New York and live out in the country, beyond the suburbs—in Westchester and Fairfield County and the natty and expensive seacoast towns like Westport, up on the New Haven line. They are mostly high-powered executives who work in advertising agencies, in television or in publishing,

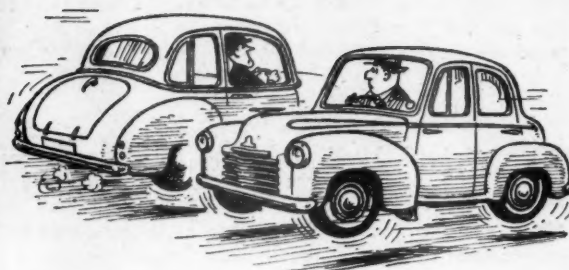
and they really set the fashions. They were the people who took up the small foreign car and made it a smart style. At any station on the line up the coast to New Haven—Bridgeport and Westport and Saugatuck and New Canaan—you can see their cars, packed in huge car-parks at the station while the commuters are up in town. They are Mini-Minors and Volkswagens and Hillmans and Renaults and Austins and Saabs, and the odd American estate car, with four headlamps and a body the length of a hearse, sticks out like a sore thumb.

Now, of course, the American motor corporations are making European-type cars. They are called compacts, and though they look enormous by the side of the more modest British car, they are indeed compact by comparison with the monsters that America knows best . . . with tailfins, long overhang and those mysterious four headlamps. I never have been able to understand the four headlamps, and the only theory I have been able to come up with is that when you're driving at night through

Westport you can switch on the two inside headlamps and pretend you're a foreign car.

However, when European frugality meets American wastefulness, there is apt to be conflict; and conflict there now is, in America, over the small car. Mr. Mackie's views are now becoming more widespread, and there are complaints everywhere that the people who drive small cars aren't spending enough on petrol. This is slowing down the pace of the American economy, and disaster could ensue. A lot of critics—particularly the petrol companies and the people who collect the gasoline taxes—are pointing out that society is grinding to a stop. The taxes were used for roads, and now they are falling into disrepair, and grass is growing in the cracks; the oil companies may have to lay men off, and disaster impends. Extravagant theories are being mooted; perhaps the drivers of small cars could be charged more for the petrol, but that wouldn't keep the oil wells going; perhaps the filling stations could have men sneak out at night and pour petrol





on the lawns of people with compacts, and then send them a bill. It looks like being quite a problem.

Personally, and treacherous though it may sound, I had never thought much of using a European car in America, because they didn't seem big enough for long distances and because they seemed to be so obviously unequal in any accident. However, an incident not too long ago caused me to change my opinion. I was travelling with two American friends from Indiana to New York in a quaint American automobile that looked like Al Capone's touring car. For all we knew it might have been Al Capone's touring car. It was big and black and had a spacious back seat, the kind of back seat that makes you expect a folding card-table and folding card-players to come up out of the floor. It also had an enormous boot, and every inch of space that wasn't filled with people was filled with possessions, because my friends, as Americans do, were moving house.

On the Pennsylvania Turnpike, some forty miles from Philadelphia, the car began to make sinister thumping noises. It was a very old car. We stopped, but the noises didn't; indeed, they grew louder, and we leapt from the car in terror. My friends had their cat with them, and they had left her in the car. She now began to go wild, and in a moment of heroism we all went back and got into the car again, so that we could all die together. However, instead of exploding, the car relaxed, and finally we were towed ignominiously into the town of Ephrata, Pennsylvania, where mechanics declared Al Capone an utter loss. Things looked grim. It was midnight, and there was heavy fog, and we were stranded somewhere in the middle of America with a steamer trunk, a footlocker, four suitcases, an

overnight bag, a box of books, a cat-carrying case and a cat.

We finally called up a friend who lived in Philadelphia and he promised to come right out and rescue us. When he arrived we observed, with horror, that he was driving a European car, which obviously couldn't shift a portion of our impedimenta. However, "There's more space than you think," said the friend cheerily, and he set to work. "This is insane," we kept saying; but we put the steamer trunk in the folded down back seat, the footlocker in the front luggage compartment, the suitcases and book-box and catcase on bumpers and back-rest and roof. Gradually it all went in.

Then there were the people. "Where

do we sit?" we demanded. But it all worked out. One across the steamer trunk, three in front. And we set off at a smart 20 m.p.h. through fog and dark, with the cat yowling and the three bodies in front trying not to breathe too much for fear of springing open the doors.

In this way we reached Philadelphia (without changing gear) and caught the train.

I must say that after all that the train was very pleasant, but it changed my mind about small cars. The advertisements all say that they're smaller than ever on the outside and bigger than ever on the inside, and I've begun to think that, by some mysterious physics, they may be right.

## I Was a Teenage Tiger

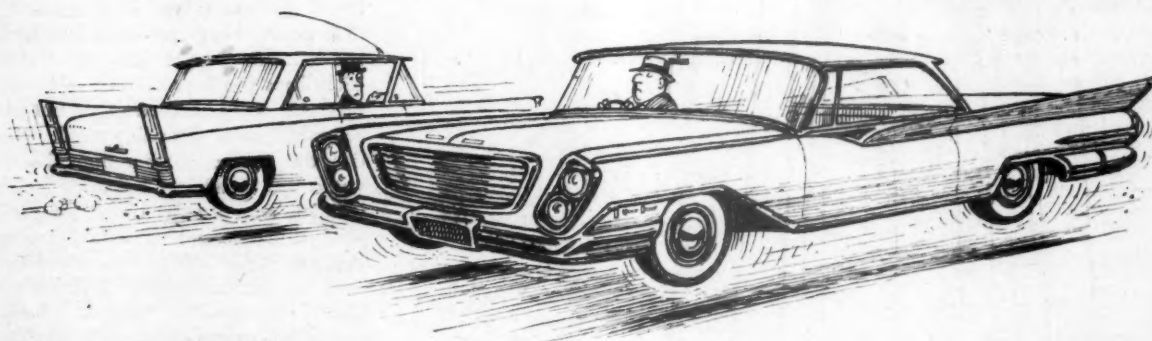
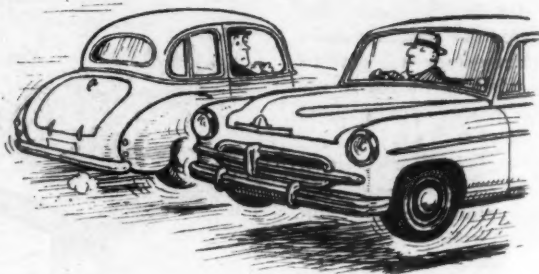
By PERRY MADOC

WHAT have countless lawyers, clergymen, grave diplomats pacing corridors, doctors, smooth ad. men, rakish ex-soldiers, gaol-birds, housewives, female executives, women on newspapers and committees, and quiet, sad little men wearing shabby blazers—in common? Well, a number of things I imagine, including a tendency to yawn or giggle in the wrong places and a chronic inability to distinguish teenagers from adolescents, but what I have in mind is a respectful affection for Mrs. Bruin. Merely mention Porkyboy and their faces light up in delighted recognition.

Mrs. Bruin's educational establishment—called, without frills, Mrs.

Bruin's Boarding School—was unique and bore not the smallest resemblance to those places where they concentrate on plate glass and the 11-plus, or to the assembly-belt type of institution where the material goes in at one end crying itself to sleep and missing Teddy, and emerges at the other with a bass voice and a predilection for trad.

The tuition (or "lessons") was basic and confined for the most part to arithmetic (or "sums") set out on the blackboard. These sums were of an elementary nature, but the boys never got them right. Occasionally they would have to read from books entitled, simply, "History" or "Geography." They never got these right either and Mrs.



Bruin, who had obviously not heard of Child Psychology, had no hesitation in banishing a defaulting scholar to the corner wearing a large dunce cap marked, in order to avoid ambiguity, with a capital D. She also carried a stout cane which she frequently brandished, but seldom administered.

A remarkable feature of the school was the unchanging complement of pupils. Term after term throughout the years the same boys would turn up—Tiger Tim, Jumbo, and the rest. That they had close relatives we know, because each had a sister attending a school kept by a Mrs. Hippo, but of homes and parents we learn nothing. It is possible that they were orphans, a supposition supported by the fact that they *never wrote home*, and always spent their holidays in the care of Mrs. Bruin. ("Hoorah!" they would exclaim, "off for the holidays!" And away they would go to the seaside accompanied, of course, by Mrs. Bruin.) It could be suggested that their parents were in India and other far-off places, but in that case surely they would have occasionally come home on leave? Mr. Bruin, too, is another mystery. He

the below



is never mentioned, but I think one may unquestionably assume that he had passed away and not gone off with a flighty panda, and the widow deserves our admiration in her plucky venture of opening up a school for boys.

I refer to them advisedly as "boys," though in fact they were, respectively, a tiger, an elephant, a bear, an ostrich, a monkey, a giraffe, a dog, a parrot and a pig. None, however, bore any of the characteristics of his species, with the exception perhaps of Porkyboy—often indeed referred to as the porker—

whose ruling passion was food. But all the boys shared this penchant and a large part of their energy was devoted towards the acquisition, by fair means or foul, of such goodies as jelly, plum cake, jam tarts, and so forth.

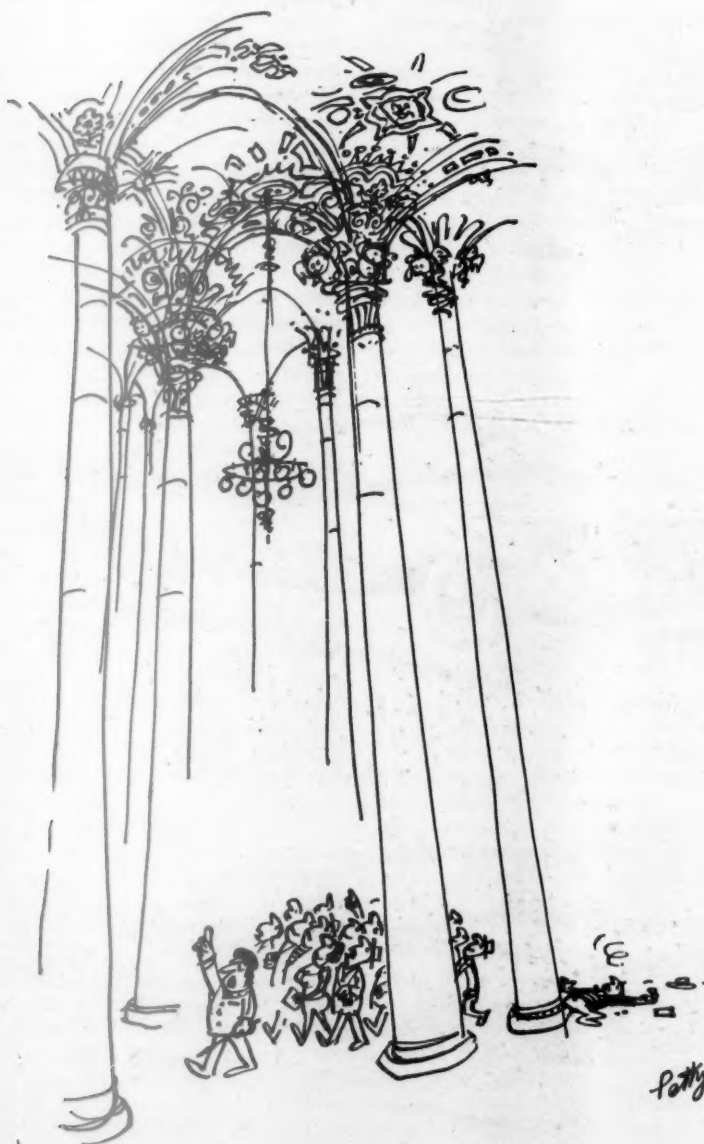
Porkyboy often beat them to it in this. Although odd-man-out and engaged in an interminable feud with the others, and in spite of being one against so many, he held his own pretty well. Porkyboy was the perennial and irrepressible Outsider. It is interesting to note, in passing, the endearing

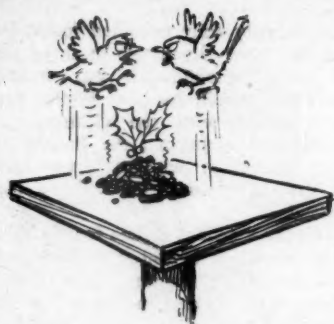


resemblance Mr. K. has to the porker which is, I am convinced, the basis for the sneaking affection so many people feel for this bouncy statesman (see my book *Nikita Khrushchev and the Porky-boy Syndrome*, Sludge and Bunion, 52/-).

The boys were always in trouble, interminably engaged in mischievous pursuits. Mrs. Bruin's favourite expletives were "Goodness!" and "My goodness!" She is frequently dubbed "the good lady," and patently only a near-saint would put up with what she had to, most of the pupils' escapades being frightfully messy and involving things like ink, water, soot, sand, soap, glue and snow. Mrs. Bruin usually refers to these goings-on as "tricks." "Goodness," she gasps—understandably she is much given to gasping—"what tricks have you boys been up to now?" Stern she could be, even angry, but her comments were invariably mild. Not that the boys ever went unpunished: virtue was unfailingly rewarded (often with jam tarts or other treats), naughtiness punished, and no namby-pamby nonsense about maladjustment and the need for self-expression. Punishment usually consisted of "lessons," being sent to bed, or merely having to take the consequences of their misbehaviour by cleaning up the ink, water, soot, sand, etc., etc.

All eight boys slept in one large bed (Porkyboy appears to have bedded alone). It was a tight fit. Their sleeping attire consisted of short nightshirts. Similarly, they all bathed at once, spilling a great deal of water and making a terrible mess on the bathroom floor. Bath night, by implication a weekly occurrence, was very much enjoyed, and it is illustrative of Mrs. Bruin's delicate-mindedness that they donned bathing costumes. The boys played at submarines, fishing, and other splashy pursuits. Once Jumbo, perching on the





tap end of the bath, tipped the whole thing up with the other seven in it, but this was not considered a particularly untoward event. Porkyboy bathed solo.

There was no uniform at this school. Jumbo, Porkyboy and Joey wore dark coats—in the parrot's case of necessity armless—with Eton collars. Jacko and Bobby Bruin had long striped trousers, Jumbo short striped trousers, giving him the appearance of an incipient stockbroker. Nearly all the boys wore waistcoats, and some had frilly collars to their coats. Tiger Tim had his own distinctive tiger-striped outfit. All wore bow ties, none shoes or socks. Mrs. Bruin's clothes never varied, and consisted of a plain blouse, a skirt embellished with a fried egg motif, a short apron and a mop cap.

Tiger Tim was the leader of the band, Jumbo his henchman. The rest seemed to share the honours fairly evenly. If Bobby Bruin was Mrs. Bruin's son, as we are led to suspect, there was no hint of it in her behaviour to him. Without any help domestic or scholastic, she carried on year in year out, cooking, we must assume, enormous meals, washing-up, mopping the bathroom, and keeping aloft the torch of learning. She may not have turned out brilliant scholars, but her boys—even old Porky—were nice boys, unsullied by hints of sex or sadism and imbued with a sense of fair play. Taking a look at the world around us—Africa, the United Nations, the Labour Front, and other settings of pranks and jinks—many of us sigh for the presence of that indomitable bear in her fried egg skirt, surveying the culprits over the top of her pince-nez and exclaiming with mild yet firm reproof: "Goodness me, what tricks are you boys up to now?"

And whatever the tricks, one may be sure Mrs. Bruin would give them short shrift.



HARGREAVES.

## On the Notice-Board

... of No. 4 Interplanetary Research Establishment.

UMPBAC

THE performance in past years of our Universal Moon Projectile Ballistic Analogue Computer has been beyond reproach. Recently, however, a progressive deterioration in speed and accuracy has set in. This decline culminated in the gross miscalculation at the launching of RULE BRITANNIA. This projectile, intended for the Moon, proceeded at a uniform height of thirty feet and an overall cost of three million pounds to a point one hundred yards east of Margate Pier.

The cause of this failure has been traced to the formation in September of a Football Pool Syndicate in this Establishment and the unauthorized use of UMPBAC by the organizing professors on Thursdays to make the selections, on Fridays to calculate the permutation and on Sundays to assess the results.

Their selection system naturally takes into account, among other factors, the spatial locations of the football grounds in relation to interplanetary gravitational forces, and the permutation allows for the effect of Relativity on infinite harmonic progressions. The computer work thus involved has created an overload of such magnitude that UMPBAC is now suffering from chronic analogue fatigue and is on the verge of a complete nervous breakdown.

It should therefore be noted that the use of UMPBAC for any form of football pool computation is now strictly forbidden.

Certain senior members of the staff might do well to consider whether there is not some connection between the absence of football pools in Russia and the accuracy of their space-calculations.

J. T. PEFFIFOSS,

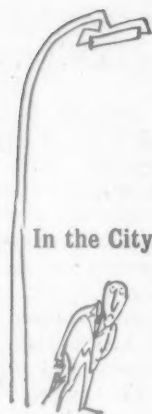
Director of Research.

☆

"Dr. Waycott, a barrister and juvenile court magistrate, said that as medical officer at Charterhouse he had the opportunity to see how corporal punishment affected boys. The vast majority of those beaten at the school had been properly selected so that beating was unlikely to harm them."

Daily Telegraph

Any other qualifications?



### Winter of Discontent

THE year ends with the British economy very uncomfortably in the hot seat, hoping for a stimulating recharge but fearful of a killing voltage of reflation. On all sides there are demands for a relaxation of credit restrictions and the tax burden, the popular view (and an odd one coming from Mr. Gaitskell) being that all we have to do to avoid recession is to increase the rate of domestic spending. In particular the critics of the Government's programme want H.P. relaxations, a removal of the squeeze on bank advances, a further cut in Bank Rate, and new tax incentives in the April Budget, and if recovery is to be brought about merely by taking in more of each other's washing machines these are undoubtedly the appropriate measures.

On the other hand there is every indication that Mr. Selwyn Lloyd is right when he says that there is still far too much pressure of demand upon available resources, that there is virtually no slack in the economy to be taken up, and that further expansion of home demand can only make conditions more difficult for the exporters. This is, of course, the crux of the matter. Britain's affluence depends now, as always, on our ability to compete effectively in the export markets, and the fact that we are not so competing—or doing so only patchily—while all available resources are being fully utilized, suggests that it is the structure of our industrial enterprise that is at fault. Quite simply this means that we have for far too long been devoting too much effort to the job of stocking Britain's shops and far too little to the job of rebuilding and retooling our factories. Our rate of capital investment, upon which in the long run our efficiency as a trading nation depends, has been deplorably low, and it is only within the past year

that the rate has begun noticeably to improve. In practical terms the position is this—that the machine tools and engineering industries have been and still are gravely handicapped by a shortage of skilled labour and draughtsmen. These men have been wooed away from vital work on capital projects by the high wages paid at the consumer end of production, in the manufacture of consumer durables and frothier items of conspicuous spending. And they will move back to where they are most urgently needed only if the Government resists the pleas of those who want present discontents lifted by a panic burst of inflation.

Machine tools are the key to the capital investment programme. During the past year output has moved up steadily in spite of labour difficulties and there is said to be enough work on the order books (£120 million) to keep

the industry fully occupied for at least another year. Given two or three years of such rehabilitation our industry generally should be back in fine fettle to compete with the Germans, the French, the Japanese, the Italians and the Americans: without it the future of the export industries will be bleak indeed.

The new year is a time for optimism. Here the hope is that the Government will not be "pressured" into making unnecessary concessions, and that 1961 will be a year of increasing growth in the capital goods industries. Investors who share this hope will know how to put bright lights into their portfolios. Asquiths, Coventry Gauge, Cravens, Elliotts, Herberts Wolf and Tap & Die are all worth a long look. It is also worth noting that plans for the new oil "grid" pipeline should favour Tube Investments.

—BACK MARKET

\* \* \*



### Woodland Management

SOME years ago a land agent and forester walking the woodlands might pause now and again and say "Here's a nice even stand, good enough to win a prize." The trees, were they pine or larch, oak or beech, would be straight and regular, all of one species and all the same age. Unsympathetic non-foresters might have said they all looked like telegraph poles, but the forester was proud.

That was yesterday. To-day there's a fair chance that agent and forester may pause at some rather scruffy and probably weedy spot to say "A few nice young oak here. Shall we clean this up and underplant with a mixture? Try to develop on uneven, selection principles? We've got a nucleus."

As yet there is no accepted term in English for a woodland in which trees

of different kinds and different ages are grown together in close or "intimate" mixture. Such a woodland presents many problems of management, regeneration, felling and timber extraction. In particular the shade-tolerant trees (such as beech and spruce) must always have the edge on the light-demanders—oak, ash, larch and pines. But the Swiss and French champions of uneven, mixed, selection systems of silviculture are making converts among English foresters.

Non-foresters (i.e. 99.9 per cent of the population but here particularly those country lovers who think of woods as places for walking, bird-watching and dog-exercising) rejoice at the idea of more "natural" forestry. What they mean, poor dears, is more natural-looking forestry. The skill required, the underlying experience, the detailed knowledge and the sensitive judgment to manage allegedly natural woodlands well is fantastically non-natural. The result may look haphazard but there will have been a lot of hard thought to produce it.

It's remarkable how many people care what woods look like—either from inside or from outside, as part of the landscape. Yet they will care nothing and know nothing of what the same woods actually are, or what they comprise. They are prepared to find fault (more rarely to praise) foresters' work purely on the basis of appearance. And as they are always in a strong majority when they find fault they must (democratically) be right. So perhaps the extra work involved in mixed selection systems may produce the unlooked-for dividend of fewer complaints.

—J. D. U. WARD





"If we ask the Burtons, the Martins, Ridges and Rileys won't come and if we ask the Martins, the Burtons, Cundalls, Lanes and Howells won't come and if we ask the Ridges, the Cundalls, Hawleys, Martins, Corbins and Burtons won't come, and . . ."

# The Party Spirit \* Mahood



"My God! Isn't that our baby sitter?"



"I detest cocktail parties but I regard them as my hair shirt."



"Daphne! You're joking."



### AT THE PLAY

*The Duchess of Malfi* (ALDWYCH)  
*Emil and the Detectives* (MERMAID)

*The Duchess of Malfi* is a play to the death. Every single character expires, by strangling, poisoning or stabbing, until at length the slaughter becomes mildly laughable. It is an unusual test of the lethal ingenuity of a producer, and Donald McWhinnie passes it with his colours triumphantly at half-mast. Peggy Ashcroft (the Duchess) and Cariola (her maid) die standing up, Derek Godfrey (Antonio) sitting down, Eric Porter (Ferdinand) and Max Adrian (the Cardinal) are already grounded and have only to collapse a little way, while it is left to Patrick Wymark (Bosola) to make a really thunderous Lyceum fall from the vertical. This total massacre is distinguished by a wealth of varied rattling, sobbing and penitential groans.

The faults in Webster's play are obvious.

The Duchess is killed too soon, Antonio is lucky to stay alive so long, and the motives behind Ferdinand's insane behaviour over the marriage of the Duchess are never made good. He admits he is after her money, but even Jacobean brothers didn't commonly subject their sisters to a catalogue of sadistic horrors before throttling them, simply for cash; and there is a suggestion of incestuous love, that would have made better sense, but it remains unsupported. One is left with the impression, dramatically unsatisfactory, that Ferdinand is just barking mad.

But the first half of the play, before the knives come out, is a heady draught, with some rare patches of poetry, and Mr. McWhinnie's deft production on an open stage with each scene flowing quickly out of the last, gives it maximum excitement. Dame Peggy lacks the physical majesty for the Duchess, but she has spiritual authority, which is more important. She conveys beautifully the ecstasies of a mature woman

in love for the first time, and even contrives to take us beyond the melodrama of her end, and move us.

Mr. Godfrey is a proper Jacobean hero. Mr. Porter copes effectively with Ferdinand's lunatic hysteria, and Mr. Adrian is the perfect foil, unruffably sinister. I thought Mr. Wymark's Bosola, the half-hearted villain of the piece, out of key with the rest of the production—a shade too hearty, as if he were slitting throats in a pantomime; but he makes him a character. Of the others I was impressed most by Stephanie Bidmead as Cariola. She has made a great stride since I last saw her; her poise and charm should be invaluable.

Altogether the Stratford company makes a fine beginning to Peter Hall's brave venture of a second company at the Aldwych, which is the brightest thing that has happened to the London theatre for a long time—although I couldn't help wondering what Tom Walls and Ralph Lynn would have made of it.

The spirit of *Emil and the Detectives* is admirably caught by Julius Gellner and M. L. Sigley at the Mermaid. Wisely this epic of the triumph of the innocent young over crooked age has been anglicized and brought up to date, for the Germany of the 'twenties is not far enough away to be of period interest. It is mainly an intelligent play for children, but grown-ups with any sense of fun should like it too. For once the resources of the Mermaid's revolving stage are used fairly; there is a wonderful scene in which Emil's gang are chasing the thieves in a taxi, and it is some time before we realize that the two taxis are built side by side, so that as the stage revolves one taxi shows and then the other, with the single driver doing a heroic quick-change act with his moustache.

In Mr. Gellner's production the gang of genuine 'small boys' is as natural as any I have ever seen on the stage. They behave just as little boys would when after a thief, and the pursuit, when the horrid Mr. Grundle is nearly cornered, is hot and furious. Emil, the country visitor to London, is nicely distinguished by John Bosch from the London boys, stoutly led by Gerard Menuhin (yes, Yehudi Menuhin's son) as the Professor and Murray Yeo as Gus. Norman Scace makes Mr. Grundle the kind of oily horror we all delight to see run to earth.

### Recommended

*Chin-Chin* (Wyndham's—9/11/60), a controversial questionmark from Paris.



Ferdinand—ERIC PORTER

[*The Duchess of Malfi*]  
 Bosola—PATRICK WYMARK

*Fings Ain't What They Used T'be* (Garrick—17/2/60), bright, cockney musical.  
*Hooray for Daisy!* (Lyric, Hammersmith—20/1/60), Slade-Reynolds musical.

—ERIC KEOWN

## AT THE PICTURES

Elmer Gantry

The World of Suzie Wong

THE conclusion of *Elmer Gantry* (Director: Richard Brooks) is too much softened: this cheerful, self-seeking vulgarian, as Burt Lancaster has shown him to us, would not really have been so much upset by what has happened. Perhaps the director (who also wrote the screenplay, from Sinclair Lewis's novel) would defend our final comparatively sympathetic impression of Gantry as one more example of successful hypocrisy on his part; perhaps he soon became jaunty again and resumed the temptingly easy habit of making money out of the faith of the simple-minded. I can't remember, but I believe he did this in the novel (for the film does not cover the whole period of the novel). But the fact remains, they've chosen to end the film at this point, so that one can't help suspecting them of a wish to let the sentimental go away with the vague, comfortable idea that perhaps after all this brazen Bible-thumping womanizing hypocrite wasn't really so bad and might have the benefit of the doubt...

Nevertheless it's a good film, though at times too much exaggerated for comic effect. The extravaganzas of life in the American "Bible belt" in the nineteen-twenties must in themselves seem comically exaggerated to many people to-day; when we saw *Inherit the Wind* it was hard at first to realize that the basic circumstances of that story had been actual fact only about thirty-five years ago. And *Elmer Gantry*, though altogether more superficial, with broader, more obvious, more emphasized, more deliberately comic effects, is reminiscent of *Inherit the Wind*—not least because one of the characters is a Mencken-like reporter (admirably played by Arthur Kennedy). But it makes a different point, and it is in every way very well done.

The point is a simpler one: here is a straightforward portrait of a hypocrite, in the context of the extraordinary conditions that enabled him to prosper. Gantry is a third-rate travelling salesman when he attaches himself to a revivalist troupe for no better reason than that he has an amorous eye for its leader, Sister Sharon Falconer (Jean Simmons). Soon, with a circus-ringmaster technique and the vestiges of what he learned at a theological college before he was expelled, he has become a popular performer, "saving" souls as methodically as he tried to sell vacuum-cleaners ("Christianity is a going concern—a successful international enterprise"). Burt Lancaster is splendid as this hollow hearty, and Miss Simmons most sensitively conveys the dilemma of the girl who is perfectly sincere in her belief, and sees through him, and yet loves him. But

## THEN AS NOW

Raven Hill drew for Punch for forty years, from 1895. For twenty-five years he was Junior Cartoonist.



## NEW YEAR'S EVE

"SUPPOSE I OUGHT TO TURN OVER A NEW LEAF! I WILL. WON'T MAKE ANY GOOD RESOLUTIONS!"

December 31, 1898

much of the picture's power is in the excellent handling and detail of its group scenes. The crowded revival meetings are impressive, and among many smaller-scale episodes I remember with pleasure is the occasion when the members of the Zenith Chamber of Commerce, are bulldozed by George Babbitt (Edward Andrews) into allowing the troupe to appear locally.

The heroine of *The World of Suzie Wong* (Director: Richard Quine) combines several attributes beloved of the romantic-fiction public. She is a golden-hearted tart, and of course that's always a safe bet; but she is also amusingly, endearingly childlike, living on make-believe, almost (given certain superficial changes) a Barrie character; and as if that weren't enough, she is also only about half the age of the hero, thus providing the film with one of to-day's most popular situations. Even one of these qualities is usually enough for box-office success, and it's not hard to forecast for a combination of all three—even without the knowledge that the story has cleaned up in two previous incarnations, as a novel (Richard Mason) and a play (Paul Osborn).

But though it may be essentially hokum it's a very superior example. Its visual quality alone would, almost carry it as entertainment. The Technicolor photography (Geoffrey Unsworth) of Hong Kong,

its crowded streets and markets, its quays and ships and junks, is fascinating. And there are excellent scenes: the long climactic one of the disastrous landslide in the poor district, with Suzie and the man (William Holden) struggling upward against the great tide of people flowing down, is most impressive and finely directed.

Nancy Kwan, mischievously attractive as Suzie, is a bit too much addicted to the mannerism of the "secret smile"; Mr. Holden makes as much of his nice-man part as anyone could. But the thing is not to be criticized seriously. It's just very efficiently entertaining; sentimental, dripping with "charm," but very pleasing to look at and well done.

## Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

I hear dismaying stories that *La Dolce Vita* (21/12/60), when it comes to be shown outside London, will be dubbed. The real thing, the film that has been written about, is now showing at both the Columbia and the Curzon; *verb. sap.*—don't wait for the imitation. Also in London: *Shadows* (27/7/60 and 26/10/60), *L'Avventura* (7/12/60), *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning* (9/11/60), *Never on Sunday* (30/11/60) and *Can-Can* (30/3/60).

Among the releases there's a new Norman Wisdom, *The Bulldog Breed* (100 mins.), with some bright moments and rather more



slapstick than usual; but the only one reviewed here is a reissue, *Lucky Jim* (9/10/57—95 mins.), an obvious, conventional comedy that makes use of the scene and characters' names from that unconventional novel. —RICHARD MALLETT

## ON THE AIR

### Distinguished Detectives

THE majority of the programmes which come canned from America to the commercial channel aim no higher than the ten-year-old and it is therefore gratifying to report on 77 *Sunset Strip* (ATV) which, while achieving popularity, falls into the minority. The producer, Mr. Howie Horwitz, was quoted in a recent interview as declaring that his aim in the series was to provide a sophisticated detective show for adults. And, for those adults who enjoy detective fiction, he seems to have achieved his intent.

There is always a first-rate story as a basis for each episode and the mysteries are intelligently woven and unravelled. The acting is sound, the direction swift and the action usually cracks along at good pace. I don't know whether the stories are all taken from successful novels but I have recognized one or two familiar whodunits. The contrast in names of the leading actors is eye-catching in the cast-list—the panoply of Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., and the penny-plain of Roger Smith. In performance as private eyes, both are agreeable, economic in emotion and fairly sparing of violence. And a trait which I find personally most endearing is that they conduct their sleuthing and interrogation as quietly and politely as their quarry will allow. So refreshing it is, after all we've been through, to meet a well-mannered American dick.

## AT THE GALLERY

### A Noble Treat: John Hay Whitney's pictures at the Tate

THE U.S. Ambassador, Mr. Whitney, who is about to leave us in his official capacity, is making a very generous contribution to the pleasure of picture lovers in Britain by lending his famous collection to the Tate. Mr. Whitney, who grew up with a taste for painting, has garnered some of the choicest examples of French nineteenth and early twentieth century art. First among these must be mentioned one of the three versions of Renoir's *Moulin de la Galette*, that popular and delightful dancing place for working girls and their beaux in Montmartre which the artist made, in his mid-thirties, so much his own. The version here is a smaller and probably earlier one than that in the Louvre and was possibly painted on the spot. It has indeed a greater unity than the Louvre version as so often sketches have compared to finished works. Next must be mentioned the Toulouse-Lautrec of Marcelle Lender dancing in the opera bouffe "Chilperic." In this picture the design and spacing are more masterly and less busy than in

And our own official and homely upholder of the law, *Dixon of Dock Green* (BBC), has ever been a man for trying the soft word before showing the back of his hand. The latest series in the *Dock Green* saga is maintaining past quality and I thought the episodes that featured Duffy Clayton were particularly good. Harold Scott gave the outstanding performance to date as the cultured down-and-out defeating brute force by psychological warfare. Jack Warner is, of course, so utterly convincing as Dixon that one pays him the ultimate compliment of forgetting that he is really acting a part at all. The casting of the regular parts is by now just about faultless and the sensitive playing of David Webster as the Scots cadet has made particular mark this season. Ted Willis keeps up his own fine standard of reality in character and dialogue and I can see no reason why P.C. George Dixon shouldn't go on escorting us around his manor until he takes his pension.

Even, perhaps, as long as *Television Dancing Club* (BBC) now in its thirteenth year and still, like Victor Silvester, its maestro, as spry and elegant as ever. I don't know how this programme and its stable-companion, *Come Dancing*, appeal to the aces of the ballroom but to unrhythmic souls such as I, born with feet as neat as a deep-sea diver's and a brain which prevents distinction between quick-quick and slow-slow, watching the shifting kaleidoscope of immaculate men and graceful, swirling women is like looking into some unattainable dream-world. Identify up to the collar-stud though I may with Floyd Patterson or Tony O'Reilly, total transference only occurs when I regard Victor Silvester or one of his taller, snake-hipped champions swooping across the maple with a sequined houri



SHERRIFFS

[R.C.M.P.]

Corporal Gagnier—GILLES PELLETIER

set in a froth of frou-frou and submissive to his every dominant nudge. A screen full of ballroom dancing is a great tranquillizer and there is nothing on television better equipped to untie the knots in your nerve-ends. About this democratic descendant of court ritual there is a soothing air of civilization and careful gentility, and I only hope, when they give us our five minutes warning from Fylingdale, that Victor Silvester is on the air, strictly in tempo and straight as Queen Mary, so that I may be fortified to disintegrate like a gentleman.

It may be fitting to close the page on the programmes for 1960 with this note about television's senior show and to look ahead to what the New Year may hold. The BBC has been refused permission to open a colour television service in November. This would have been on the 405 line system which may well be abandoned in a few years and the sets were forecast to cost about £200. The development may therefore have been considered but academic to most of us. We are also threatened with local commercial sound-radio, a further step in the Americanization of our lives. The battle of the third, and perhaps the fourth, television channel will be fought out in 1961. The Pilkington Committee has already had twelve million words of evidence placed before it and the public relation campaigns are hotting up. The only ingredient I haven't noticed yet is any demand from the people who watch television for more of it. I've not been held up in the street by any mob passionate for more quizzes and cow-boys, nor have I heard anyone voicing the longing of the masses for more situation-comedies. No doubt, however, the New Year will bring an upsurge of public opinion and the voice of the people will be persuaded to speak. —PATRICK RYAN

Closes 29th January, 1961.

—ADRIAN DAINTRY

# BOOKING OFFICE

## FEAST OF REASON

By R. G. G. PRICE

**The Age of Reason.** Harold Nicolson.  
Constable, 45/-

**T**AKEN simply as a series of sketches of influential thinkers and changing states of mind, this curious enterprise can be welcomed as an addition to the resources of leisure for the adult and of self-improvement for the Sixth Form. No fault can be found with its vivacity, variety or ingenuity in quotation. Few readers are likely to know all the odd bits of information it contains. Relying partly on the basic eighteenth-century classics and partly on recent works of the kind that Sir Harold reviews, it combines firm-minded comment, historical gossip, fun and some rather uncertain educational writing. Sir Harold seems doubtful of how much, if anything, his readers may be assumed to know. Many of them will, in fact, be grateful for his expositions of the better known episodes of the period, even for the recurrent summaries of Marlborough's career. Like Dr. Trevelyan, he is after the Common Reader.

What is more questionable is the book's intellectual framework. Sir Harold subtitled his *Good Behaviour* "A Study of Certain Types of Civility," and it is, I think, civility rather than reason that really engages him. He is interested in individual behaviour, which makes him a biographer, and in the behaviour of societies to one another, which makes him a diplomatic historian; but he is not really much interested in philosophy or psychology or science. Addison has a chapter, but not Hume or Kant. A book that at first sight appears to be a contribution to the history of thought turns out to be something less severely cerebral. The reflections which give enjoyable pause are generally on character or fashions in thinking, hardly ever on the validity of a metaphysic. Probably the emphasis in the title is on "Age" rather than on "Reason."

Beginning with Saint Simon and Bayle and ending with Wesley and Rousseau, whom he dislikes, Sir Harold puts the encyclopædists in

the centre of his picture, temperamentally approving their scepticism (and rightly seeing that force is founded in certainties). But clearing away débris would never alone have produced the explosion with which the century ended. Sir Harold rather likes the American Revolution, which happened a long way away and was not lurid. The French Revolution he sees as destructive of *salon* life and just the kind of effect one would expect from a cause like Rousseau. He seems to feel that another pamphlet from Voltaire might have prevented it.

The absence of scientists and artists and industrialists and the warmth with which Horace Walpole or Madame Geoffrin are treated compared with the slightly baffled chilliness of the section on Tom Paine make the picture of the Age lopsided. In parts it is a good deal nearer to Austin Dobson than to Mumford or Namier. To-day the eighteenth century no longer means simply memoirs of statesmen, monographs on the diplomatic revolution and expensive books

about the more ostentatiously exquisite minor arts. We have slowly begun to realize how much of the period there was outside the ambit of the Johnson circle, though the century of Hogarth and Blake, of Lavoisier and Adam Smith, is often met first in their company—as misleading as approaching Victorian England via *Cranford*.

Sir Harold does not see the enlightenment entirely in terms of the intellectual attitudes of the *salon*. He gives three vivid if superficial chapters to the auto-crats, Peter, Frederick and Catherine the Great, and adds an entertaining round-up of the charlatans like Cagliostro to represent the irrational. But this went deeper than aristocratic gullibility. Hugh Kingsmill once remarked to me that everybody of posthumous importance in the eighteenth century was mad. Though verging on the untrue, the dictum is a reminder of the pressure beneath the wig. However, Bedlam and Gin Lane and the Gordon Riots have cast as few shadows as enclosures and iron mines and satanic mills over these lighthearted pages. Perhaps what are missing are the roots of the century in which Sir Harold was born.

### NEW FICTION

**The Little Horses of Tarquinia.** Marguerite Duras (trans. Peter Duberg). *John Calder*, 18/-

**The Warm Country.** Donald Windham (introduced by E. M. Forster). *Rupert Hart-Davies*, 15/-

**The Frontiers of Love.** Simon Harcourt-Smith. *William Kimber*, 18/-

**I Was a Teen-Age Dwarf.** Max Schulman (introduced by Art Linkletter). *Heinemann*, 16/-

The novel, of course, must tell a story. It must also do more; it must make us feel that the story matters, has some bearing upon human dilemmas, and that the story has been conceived as a whole, so that it is more than just incident. There are two contrary lapses which bedevil the novel these days. One, the low road, is just to tell the story. The other, the high road, is just to exhibit technical prowess in rendering, without engaging the reader in the tale.

Mme. Duras and Donald Windham have taken the high road. *The Little Horses of Tarquinia* is a very sensitive, very intelligent and well-worked book (as one would expect from the author of *Hiroshima, Mon Amour*); it is one of that wave of French novels that tries to penetrate to the reality behind the ordinary common round. But perhaps because the round is too common, perhaps because it is about boredom, the reader does not get easily into the book. The subject is the

### BEHIND THE SCENES



8—LOUDON SAINTHILL

A Tasmanian, self-educated (he says) and now a leading designer for theatre, opera and ballet

boredom of what is known, and the fascination of what is unknown, especially in matters of love. The boredom is in the marriages of the four main characters and in the holiday which they are taking. Their sense of curiosity seems to have been stifled; they are doing the same things as last year; the heat is enervating, and their fidelity is boring. They taste the unknown, keep it in mind, but learn that "With love, you have to live with it fully, boredom and all, there is no holiday possible from it."

There is a curious technical similarity between this book and *The Warm Country*, a collection of stories by Donald Windham. There is the same indirection in presentation, the same concern to present the nuances and subtleties of human contact in everyday situations, the same sense that there is an ideal love from which we are all in our different ways removed. The characters in these stories are ordinary people; there is almost no considered, willed action, for the characters are pinpointed in particular situations and made to expose in their actions their loneliness, the flickering nature of their affections, the slightness of their love. The effect is what is usually called "poetic"; the author creates a mood by bringing a variety of disparate images together in a single situation. There is no doubt of Mr. Windham's sensitivity or his skill, but we do not learn very much. The situations are cocooned within their images (as they are in Mme. Duras); life is rendered but not enlarged.

*The Frontiers of Love* takes the low road. It is a plot and little more, a plot that takes us into the world of embassies and the F.O., that concerns us with the plight of a stuffy and rather reactionary young diplomat named Lucius Salt, who performs

well in tense circumstances *en poste* and in bed. Mr. Harcourt-Smith begins badly; the opening sections of the book seem to fail to engage reality. It improves when his hero gets enmeshed in political intrigue; but someone once observed that chance does not make good stories, and this is a plot of chance. The hero gets what he wants through luck and not through what he is; he cannot do otherwise, because we aren't sure what he is.

Max Schulman is just Max Schulman. I'll grant a lot to a writer who can really make me laugh, and Mr. Schulman always does. His newest book, a wild mixture of S. J. Perelman, Peter de Vries and even a touch of J. D. Salinger, is a number of chapters in the life of Dobie Gillis, who likes girls. The anecdotes are essentially gags, but Mr. Schulman's wild and witty eye moves over the face of American teenage thinking and acting, over Palship Walks and the Matriarchal Society ("There is nothing so beautiful as a mother with her first child. There is nothing so touching. There is nothing so expensive."). Lots of good jokes.

—MALCOLM BRADBURY

#### INVITATION TO THE DANCE

*Autobiography.* Anton Dolin. *Oldbourne*, 30/-

*Giselle* and I. Alicia Markova. *Barrie and Rockliff*, 25/-

It is to the credit of Mr. Dolin that his second attempt in the perilous art of autobiography contributes generously to the history of the ballet generally in the past twenty years. His three hundred and twenty-five pages are packed with reminiscence and anecdote and he recalls trivial incidents and conversations by means of a seemingly miraculous memory for the *ipsissima verba*. It is, of course,

a success story by an author who can afford to tell of his set-backs and failures.

I found his gossip pages most entertaining. When I opened the book at random I was beguiled into both turning back and going happily forward. I commend it as the perfect bedside gift for the balletomane.

All the famous persons in the ballet world of the period enter the scene, including of course Diaghilev, in whose company Mr. Dolin excelled. Mr. Dolin's knack of remembering illuminating scraps of conversation gives this glimpse of Lillian Bayliss backing Ninette de Valois's early efforts—

"That you, Anton dear? Now listen, ducky, the ballet's not doing any business. It's a bit highbrow, and dear Ninette puts on ballets called *Cephalus* and *Procis* and well, dear, you know, that title's not exactly pretty, is it? Now haven't you got something up your sleeve you could come along and do for the Wells and pack 'em in. I'll give you ten pounds, dear, and your fares."

It may surprise younger ballet-lovers to learn that the famous Markova-Dolin combination had its origin in the Windmill Theatre in the mind of Vivian Van Damm.

Miss Markova's book is a curious essay in dichotomy. She identifies herself passionately with the character of Giselle in Gautier's famous ballet of that name, but none the less writes of her as though she had her own separate existence; someone from whom she cannot bear to be long parted. In this pleasantly produced and well-illustrated small quarto she seldom departs from the theme of her performances in the role with which she is pre-eminently associated and in which her delicate art is seen at its best. The book strikes an agreeable note of humility while avoiding an air of false modesty. Miss Markova knows her high place in the world of ballet and stands to it with becoming dignity.

—C. B. MORTLOCK

#### IN THE BEST SOCIETY

*The Autobiography of Miss Knight, Lady Companion to Princess Charlotte.* Edited by Roger Fulford. *Kimber*, 30/-

There are certain observers who are essential to us if we choose to pick our way behind the scenes of the early nineteenth century. But if Greville, Creevey and Croker remain the great trinity of contemporary diarists, there is no denying distinction to Miss Cornelia Knight (1757-1837). As a child Cornelia used to visit Sir Joshua Reynolds; she was "delighted with the conversation of Burke, and amused by the buffoonery of Goldsmith . . . As to Dr. Johnson, he was always kind to me." In her young womanhood she "moved incessantly in the best Continental society," meeting the sister of Marie Antoinette (who "stuck short prayers and pious ejaculations inside of her stays") and Haydn, whose conversation was "modest and sensible." And even this, it seems, was not enough for her. She earned her own place twice over in history: she was with Nelson and Lady Hamilton in Naples, and she was the lady-companion of Princess Charlotte. ("Her attachment and devotion to me is," wrote



"Fortunately for him he has the best left hook in the School."



Princess Charlotte, "quite romantic.") Small wonder that Cornelia's autobiography is a source book for students of the period. Since it first appeared in print ninety-nine years ago it has only gained in interest. And those who want to know how it felt to see Horatio with his Emma, or to chat with the Regent, or to soothe his tragic daughter, could do no better than read this engaging book. Mr. Fulford presents it with skill, and its only fault is the absence of an index.

—JOANNA RICHARDSON

## NATIVE AFFAIRS

**Shooting at Sharpeville.** The Bishop of Johannesburg. *Gollancz, 18/-*

The first chapter of Dr. Reeves's account of the Sharpeville massacre is almost as horrifying as the shooting itself. It shows just how the Native Affairs Department interpret their responsibility for the welfare of the natives. To take one example out of many, when the women of the Bafurutshe tribe burnt their reference books (i.e. passes), they were fined £150—yes, £150 each—or six months' hard labour. As this kind of persecution was continual it would have been understandable if armed risings had occurred; but at Sharpeville there was nothing of the kind. The Bishop's researches, strongly supported by a score of on-the-spot photographs, suggest that what the South African Government subsequently called an armed mob of twenty thousand men was actually an unarmed, inoffensive crowd of some five thousand, largely women and children. Sixty-nine were shot dead and a hundred and eighty wounded. Seventy per cent. of these were shot in the back.

The Bishop's account is, of course, deeply prejudiced, and the South African Government's case is only presented in some extracts from the subsequent court of enquiry. It is now up to them to swing our feelings back their way. A lot of us feel prejudiced about Nero and Tamerlane and Himmler, but no doubt they had a case of some sort if you go into it.

—B. A. YOUNG

## PRIVATE GIGGLES

**Summoned by Bells.** John Betjeman. *John Murray, 16/-*

The Betjeman, like the South Sea, Bubble grows and grows. A first edition of seventy thousand copies, serialization in the *Sunday Times*: here indeed is a poet for the Plain Man. But Mr. Betjeman's critical reputation, at least, must surely be badly damaged by this long stretch of autobiography, written for the most part in singularly blank verse, which contains so many object lessons in the art of sinking. "Haven't you heard," said D. C. Wilkinson, "Angus is to be basketed to-night." Ah hah, say the Betjemanites, but Betjeman himself knows that such lines are funny, yes, and a little bit sad too. He anticipates all your criticisms. Perhaps he does: but still, the product of this tear-in-the-eye whimsicality is not poetry.

We begin with childhood: "Archibald,

my safe old bear, whose woollen eyes looked sad or glad at me." A visit to the Tate: "We stood enraptured by 'The Hopeless Dawn.'" And then to Oxford: "Ronald Hughes Wright, come with me once again Bicycling off to churches in the town." Beatings at Marlborough, family difficulties, happiness at last as an undergraduate: "Dear private giggles of a private world." The truth is that Mr. Betjeman's admirers praise his attitude rather than his poetry. Behind the mock-solemnity of those thumping rhythms they see a twinkle in the near-parsonical eye. But *Summoned by Bells* is proof that twinkle and tear, a feeling for Victoriana, private giggles in a private world, are not enough to make a public poem.

—JULIAN SYMONS

## SOCIABLE CETACEANS

**A Book of Dolphins.** Antony Alpers. Illustrated by Erik Thorn. *John Murray, 15/-*

Mammals comprise the most successful group in the animal world, more adaptable and apt for survival than fish, insect, bird or reptile, and the dolphin is perhaps the most remarkable of them. Descendant of a creature that had its being on dry land, *Tursiops truncatus*—the bottle-nosed dolphin—took to the sea sixty million years ago, and continued its development in that difficult environment for an air-breathing species.

A playful animal with a "group" conscience, the dolphin has had no social contact with anything but fish (also its diet) and occasionally man. Mainly the latter aspect occupies Mr. Alpers' book, but there are informative and sympathetic chapters on the midwifery, upbringing and echoing apparatus of these delightful cetaceans. If you want to get together with one (by the way the B.B.C. hopes to have a new couple at Plymouth for filming shortly) you will do better if you've an "O" in your name—or better still, no letter not in "dolphin," such as Opononi. Opononi is a beach in New Zealand, scene of the most celebrated association between man and dolphin since Pelorus Jack did



his twenty-four-year tour of duty accompanying ships through Cook Strait at the end of the nineteenth century.

—JOHN DURRANT

## CREDIT BALANCE

**Whitaker's Almanack 1961.** 21/-. The usual invaluable hodge-podge of well-indexed information, with several interesting additions including a section on Africa and a new statistical table which shows a large increase in the number of British taxpayers earning over £6000 a year.

**The Fashionable Lady in the 19th Century.** *H.M.S.O., 25/-*. A thing of beauty, in keeping with its subject matter. Charles H. Gibbs-Smith, with his well-chosen two hundred prints, covering half that number of years, gives the more senior among us an intimate picture of great-grandmama. The more junior can add an extra great.

**The Water Garden.** H. G. Witham Fogg. *Foyles, 4/-*. A handy little book for those who want to construct a pool, fishpond or such. Excellent lists of plants of varied wet-lovingness. Not much use for those who happen to own a bog and wish it were beautiful.



## SUBSCRIPTION ORDER FORM

Punch Bouverie Street London EC4

If you find it inconvenient to obtain Punch through your newsagent you may wish to take out an annual subscription.

RATES: (including all enlarged seasonal numbers, special issues, and Annual Almanack) Gt. Britain & Eire—£2 16s. Canada (by Canadian Magazine Post)—£2 10s. (\$7.25). Elsewhere Overseas—£3 (U.S.A. \$9). North American readers may remit by cheque on their own bank. Other Overseas Subscribers may pay by Postal Money Order or Bank Draft in Sterling made payable in London.

The Almanack is a special extra issue, normally published in November. Please enter an annual subscription in my name. My remittance is enclosed.

MY NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE



## FOR WOMEN

### *My Next Husband—II*

I AM married to a Kenya farm manager. My next husband will be an Angry Young Man.

He won't be very angry, but he won't be so terribly correct and British that he jumps to attention, scattering carved impala, every time they play the National Anthem. And when I don't follow suit he won't indicate the house-boy who is clearing dinner and say "We've got to show these people who's on top."

My new husband will say quite irreverent things about the Queen and bishops and public schools, which I may find embarrassing, but at least I shall know that he's thinking. Sometimes we'll hold conversations, just the two of us. And when we do we won't just wonder whether we can afford to educate Charles in England, or whether the new Citroën is better than last year's Merc or whether the *shamba* boy deserves 30s. a month or whether Tomcat Mboya is stirring up trouble in the labour lines again. We will talk about Flaubert and proofs of the existence of God and the private life of Colin Wilson and the latest play at the Royal Court. And these conversations will not end, after ten minutes, with my husband picking up the *Kenya Farmers' News* or turning on the Forces Programme.

My next husband will speak exclusively in English. He will call a *kikapu* a basket and a *gari* a car and *taka-taka* rubbish and the *watu* the Africans and the *bundu* the bush. When I enter the room spitting nails he'll say "What's the matter?" and not "Shauri gani?" and when I leave it (soothed I hope) he will say "Goodbye" and not "Kwaheri."

He will be just as good-looking as my present husband, but in a dark mysterious way instead of a fair obvious

one. Furthermore he will be quite unaware that he is good-looking, and will be mildly surprised and flattered when I tell him so. It follows that he will be quite uninterested in his dress and will not waste time and temper in correspondence with gents' outfitters. He will wear thick sweaters that I will knit for him, and baggy corduroys and his hair will be rather long. It may be necessary to persuade him to bath. I shall draw the line at a beard.

On the other hand he will be very interested in my appearance. He will always comment on what I am wearing, sometimes quite rudely. He may even have some tiresome prejudices such as hating all jewellery except slave bangles, chains and other marks of bondage, but at least I shall know that he cares. When I am dressed up for a party he will never say "That's nice," glancing at himself in the mirror the while, or, worse still, "Aren't you going to change, dear?"

Talking of outings, we shan't go to sundowners with the Turners or charity balls at the City Hall, ever. We shall go to parties where people spend the first half talking and the second half jiving and where there's a rumour that Cyril Connolly might drop in and the hard core ends up drinking soup at five in the morning. And at these parties my new husband will talk to me because he wants to and not because it is useful to have a shoulder over which to leer when you're seeking out a "nice piece of skirt."

And talking of treats and outings, I shall not get a bottle of Chanel Number Five every Christmas and a "Show" (current production at the Nairobi Rep.) for my birthday. My new husband may even forget anniversaries occasionally. But he'll do things on the spur of the

moment. When we're down to our last bean he'll draw a fiver before the bank closes and we'll have a blow-out in Soho with *two* bottles of wine. And he'll never send me red roses from Madame Flora, Government Road, after a row and stay down on the farm until he's sure I've received them.

My next husband will live in a quaint uncomfortable cottage in England. This cottage will lack parquet floors, mock-moorish arches, tiled bathrooms and verandas gleaming with Cardinal Red polish. It will always be filled with interesting people who will be asked again even if they *don't* wipe up after using the bath. And when I look out of the window (innocent of burglar-proof mesh) I will see a landscape crowded with natural features and not coffee stretching like green corduroy to the horizon.

Furthermore he will spend quite a lot of his day in this cottage. There will be no labour to supervise and his writing will keep him indoors. In the afternoon he will potter about growing vegetables or making wine as he will have vaguely William Morris notions and anyway we'll be terribly poor (at first). In the evening we'll have friends in, or go to a film or listen to good music. He will loathe clubs and cricket, and he won't feel it necessary to pretend to like horses, so we will see quite a lot of each other.

He will not refer to his war experiences or make me keep household accounts or call me old girl or play bridge.

And of course he won't *always* be an Angry Young Man. His third book will be serialized in the *Express* and after that he'll slowly mellow, book by book, into a Grand Old Man.

—SUSAN CHITTY

### *Pattern for Survival*

SINCE Albert Einstein first declared The equation  $E = mc^2$ , Man's used this knowledge with aplomb, To make a bigger, better bomb. Now among men there are but few, Who understand K4, P2; Better knit socks than be blown to Hades. Down with men Up with ladies.

—CELIA TROTT

## The Aunt Image

THE aunt image needs bringing up to date. No longer does the old popular conception of an elderly aunt as a prim, unworldly, perpetually knitting figure, taking all day to send a postcard, correspond to observed reality. Perhaps as a result of women's emancipation the right number of years ago, aunts now in the sixty to eighty age bracket are a vigorous force in the nation's life.

My aunts, for instance, when not traversing Europe by bus or riding bicycles down the Champs-Élysées or driving very old Fords to Northern Scotland, take an active part in the business, cultural and educational lives of their home towns, concerning themselves with the buying and running of antique-shops and the production and distribution of corgis for the surrounding countryside. Not for a moment could they be considered out of the stream of modern life as it cascades past their doors.

Yet there is a sense, too, in which an aunt can be seen as providing a fixed point in a reeling world. Less deeply committed than a parent or grandparent (though an aunt may well be these on her own account), the aunt figure forms a link between immediate entangling family and other people, a useful combination of loyalty and healthy criticism (darling, your shoes!) and a fusion of old values with new.

"What is orlon?" asked my aunt the other day of a young and bewildered shop-assistant. And the answer, "Well, it's orlon of course," with its unspoken corollary of "you silly old thing" left her exactly as she was before.

And on affairs then current: "Of course I read the book thirty years ago like everybody else, but at my age, you know, one forgets so. Tell me, what do those dashes stand for?"

Besides reading a lot and generally keeping up as much as one can without the telly, aunts ensure a sense of continuity by their reminiscences of the past. On a recent outing with one, to visit one of our well-isolated boarding schools, we found ourselves treading the parade of a well-known seaside resort, now slushy and sluggish in the middle of its winter hibernation.

"We used to stay here as children," my aunt said. "I remember the brown canvas trunks with rounded tops arriving from the station, and the horse-cabs, and the awful time Uncle Bertie's crib got lost on the Southern Railway. And

when the new Nanny gave him steak-and-kidney pudding at the age of five months because she couldn't lay hands on his bottle. And of course," she added, pointing to a staid group of implacably Edwardian villas on the opposite cliff, "we never acknowledged the existence of the new people over there in *New Snobbage*."

Not that my aunt regretted the good-in-parts old days. She had been down in the summer recently, when you couldn't see the beach for trippers, but it didn't matter. She liked to see people enjoying themselves.

Sitting on the Saturday night in the little village hotel, while local people, visiting parents and passing motorists made merry at the bar, and bursts of song from the adjoining "public" rose on the smoke-laden air, my aunt leaned back in her corner, well satisfied.

"In my young days," she said, "two women couldn't have sat like this in a pub. I do think things have improved. And now I wonder whether I could possibly have not a drink, but a cup of tea?"

Behind the bar mine host looked in mellow mood. In fact my aunt was a little worried about the colour of his

face, but expected his wife would look after him. Girls, she thought, were so much more *sensible*. From my aunt's point of view the whole world consists of either more or less satisfactory nephews and nieces.

At the bar I diffidently broached the subject of tea. "For the lady in the corner in the brown hat?" (My aunt always wears a hat in winter to keep her head warm.) "Oh yes, my wife will make her one I'm sure."

And so, into the alcoholic haze of Saturday night in the pub, was presently brought, by the middle-aged proprietor's wife, a hot and homely cup of tea.

"You are a kind girl," said my aunt appreciatively.

Perhaps it is not so much that the world has changed aunts as that an aunt worth her tea-leaves can influence the world.

—FRANCES KOENIG

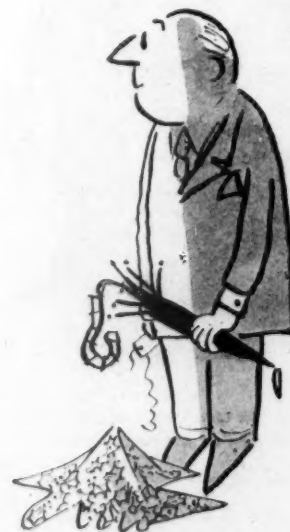


"Witness.—I only said that it was true so that they should leave my husband and children alone.

His Lordship.—Who are 'they'?

Witness.—Minogue and Wolstenholme. They threw a brick through the window. I was expecting a baby."—*Times Law Report*

It would have been harder to catch.



"I didn't want you to recognize it before you'd opened it."



# Toby Competitions

## No. 146—Original Spirit

**D**EVICE a party game for getting the non-mixers in a more festive mood. Limit 100 words.

A framed *Punch* original, to be selected from all available drawings, is offered for the best entry. Runners-up receive a one-guinea book token. **Entries by Wednesday, January 4.** Address to **TOBY COMPETITION No. 146, *Punch*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.**

## Report on Competition No. 143

(What an int-er-est-ing job)

Educational dialogues did not seem to be widely familiar. Of the targets, television script-writing often escaped because the swipes at it were too wild, marriage counselling provided temptations to irrelevant marital cross-talk acts, and the jokes about advertising were repetitive. However, there was enough gold among the lead to prevent *Punch's* generous instincts from getting balked.

The winner was:

**E. O. PARROTT  
47 DAVER COURT  
CHELSEA MANOR STREET  
LONDON, S.W.3**



"I wonder if you would care to contribute to the dustmen's Christmas Box?"

"Here," said the Professor, "are two pictures from advertisements. What differences do they show?"

"This one shows a lady in a tiara, with a silver candle-stick, serving baked beans to some Cabinet Ministers," said Arthur after a puzzled pause.

"And here," observed clever little Angela, "is a housewife dancing with glee because Easie-Mix brussels sprouts have solved her Mum's Middy Muddle."

"Here we have the Approaches of Gracious Living and Modern Living." The Professor took the pictures back. "How do they compare with the Subliminal Approach?"

"Is it because we see them?" ventured Angela.

"By Jove, yes!" exclaimed Arthur.

Following are the runners-up:

**Tutor:** In our last lesson we saw how marriages are made. Now we shall study how to keep them so.

**Student:** Surely, dear tutor, people who are married live happily ever after?

**Tu.:** That is the very thing we must convince them of!

**Stu.:** Are they, then, often otherwise convinced?

**Tu.:** Very often indeed, but we need not confirm their conviction.

**Stu.:** But supposing, dear tutor, that they convince us?

**Tu.:** That is what is called an Occupational Hazard and we must risk it. All Marriage Counsellors must be brave—they must not mind being called Nosey-Parkering Busybodies.

**Stu.:** But that is most unfair if people have asked our advice.

**Tu.:** Come, we are dealing with marriage, which has nothing to do with being fair.

**Joan Harrison, Home Farm, Stanlake, Witney, Oxon.**

**Adman:** Here is a mousetrap. The best mousetrap on the market. How would you set about advertising it?

**Neophyte:** Think up a snappy slogan?

**A.:** No, no. First you would do some market research.

**N.:** Among householders?

**A.:** Among mice. You would interview a random sample, properly broken down by age and sex.

**N.:** And then?

**A.:** Transfer the information on to punched cards. Or perhaps nibbled cards in this case.

**N.:** Then would I write a jingle?

**A.:** No. You would hire a jingle expert to write a jingle.

**N.:** Suppose I didn't like the jingle when he'd written it?

**A.:** By then it would be too late. Advertising is a matter of keeping deadlines. To-morrow we will deal with corset posters on the Underground.

**Stanley J. Sharpless, 74 Harlyn Drive, Northwood Hills, Pinner, Middx.**

**Teacher:** What is this object?

**Student:** That object is a television screen.

**Teacher:** What is its purpose?

**Student:** It is intended to amuse and inform the public of which we are all members.

**Teacher:** How is the public amused?

**Student:** The public is amused by any situation which shows other members in attitudes—mental or physical—that the watchers would hate to assume.

**Teacher:** Is it hard to inform the public?

**Student:** No. Anything I choose to call information will be considered as such by the public.

**J. S. Benedictus, Winter Lodge, Cookham Dean, Berks.**

**Q.:** What adjectives would you use to describe (1) a pin-cushion, (2) a perfume, (3) gin?

**A.:** (1) Thrilling, (2) intoxicating, (3) glamorous.

**Q.:** What illustrations would you use to recommend (1) expensive, (2) medium-priced, (3) cheap cigarettes?

**A.:** (1) Man and girl in evening dress on luxury liner, (2) Man and girl on bathing beach (summer) or ski slopes (winter), (3) Man and girl.

**Q.:** How would you advertise (1) a breakfast cereal composed of husks, (2) a detergent?

**A.:** (1) Avoid word "husks," remembering those swine. Call it "Chumpit," and say it contains the necessary roughage and whitens the teeth (2) Offer a free copy of *Punch* with each packet.

**Q.:** How would you describe the indescribable?

**A.:** "Novelty."

**R. Kennard Davis, On-the-Hill, Pilton, Shepton Mallet, Somerset**

**Pupil:** What makes a good marriage?

**Teacher:** A bed, two people, and a mastiff.

**Pupil:** Why the bed?

**Teacher:** That's for the mastiff. Otherwise he would only sit on the cold lino and howl.

**Pupil:** Couldn't he go in his kennel?

**Teacher:** That's for the baby. Otherwise it would only lie in the warm bed...

**Pupil:** All right, all right! The two people won't need anywhere to sleep, I can see that, they'll be kept too busy. But what about the mastiff... won't he mind the baby monopolizing his kennel?

**Teacher:** Oh, quite possibly. In which case he won't.

**Pupil:** Eh?

**Teacher:** Mind the baby. In fact, he'll probably eat it. It'll be too young to know, of course.

**J. A. Lindon, 89 Terrace Road, Walton-on-Thames, Surrey**

COPYRIGHT © 1960 by Bradbury, Agnew & Company, Limited. All rights of reproduction are reserved in respect of all articles, sketches, drawings, etc., published in *PUNCH* in all parts of the world. Reproductions or imitations of any of these are therefore expressly forbidden. The Proprietors will always consider requests for permission to reprint, editorial contributions requiring an answer should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade, except at the full retail price of 6d.; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

Reg'd at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage of this issue: Gt. Britain and Eire 2½d.; Canada 1d.\* Elsewhere Overseas 3½d.\* Mark Wrapper top left-hand corner "Canadian Magazine Post" "Printed Papers—Reduced Rate."

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION RATES (including all Special and Extra Numbers and Postage):

Great Britain and Eire £2.16.0; Canada (by Canadian Magazine Post) £2.16.0 (\$7.25); Elsewhere Overseas £3.0.0 (U.S.A. \$9.00).

U.S.A. and Canadian readers may remit by cheques on their own Banks. Other Overseas readers should consult their Bankers or remit by Postal Money Order.

For prompt service please send orders by Air Mail to *PUNCH*, 10 Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4, England.



AP 101  
P97  
v. 231

# INDEX



VOL. CCXXXIX

JULY — DECEMBER 1960

## Cartoons

MANSBRIDGE, NORMAN	
African Independence (wounded in the back by Congo riots)....	75
Any More for the Spylark? (on the universal spy mania).....	147
Body-Snatchers (The) (Socialist Left-wing group opposition to Gaitskell policy).....	475
Cuban Corrida (President Castro "performs" with Russian aid)....	39
"Come on United!" (Labour Party differences).....	619
Another Part of the Forest (The Law and Order Bill threatens to inflame opinion in South Rhodesia).....	655

Danger—Evolution in Progress (Polaris Missiles—Civilization submerged in the primeval swamp).....	727
En'Algerie (Legionnaire de Gaulle's endless trek through the desert) 691	
"Is there an Opposition in the House?" (The Conference block vote controlling Labour policy) 511	
"It's either inflation or deflation. Let's keep him in bed" (Government financial policy checks industrial expansion).....	3
"I will therefore attempt the demolishing of Doubting Castle" (United Nations' uphill task) ..	219
Mactoria (The Government refuses to ease the credit squeeze).....	799

"Mind my Tunnel!" (Contrasting methods of Russian and Chinese assaults on the West) ..	327
One for the Road (The menace of the motorist reveller) .....	875
Presidential Election (The rival contenders envisage each other as the arch-enemy) .....	583
Status Seekers (The) (The new nations' scramble for supremacy) 291	
Trade Wind (The Premier's gratuitous advice to British business executives) .....	111
"Try Kicking It!" (Dollar-aid cornucopia gives out) .....	763
"Try sideways, Missus!" (The Premier's problem of reconciling Commonwealth commitments with the Common Market) 255	

UN ark founders in Congo flood 835	
Uncommitted (The) (The new African nations and the choice between East and West) .....	439
Young Contenders (The) (Nixon and Kennedy reach for the Presidential torch) .....	183
SEARLE, RONALD	
"Howdy, strangers!" (Khrushchev breaks in on the American election scene) .....	362
Khrushchev takes the entire Communist bloc to UN.....	399
WALSH, DAVID	
"Yes, with... evolution this could be paradise" (Great Britain at the dawn of civilization).....	915

## Articles and Verse

AMIS, KINGSLEY	
Hemingway in Space .....	895
Unpopular Causes—	
In Defence of Illiteracy.....	364
ANDERSON, POLLY	
Your Eyes are like the Stars....	507
ARGYLE, BARRY	
Price of Milk (The) .....	130
ATKINSON, ALEX	
Day of the Migwitch Crackens (The) .....	452
Future of Railways (The)—	
Main Lines .....	409
Quakermuss and the Split .....	488
What Gives with the Beatniks? ..	186
BALDWINSON, TERESA	
No Followers—By Order .....	322
Sweet Friendship .....	578
BALOGH, THOMAS	
State of the Unions—	
Less .....	76
BARREAU, PAUL	
In the City—	
After the Motor Show .....	606
Bankers' Year (The) .....	862
Behind the Gold Rush .....	642
Beyond Eternity .....	534
Credit Yet in the Old Bulldog Defaulters' Roster .....	822
Detroit Wants the Lot .....	750
Economics of Rent Control (The) .....	427
Export of .....	134
Freedom for Trustees .....	786
Giantism .....	678
How to Diversify .....	171
Kennedy's Dollar .....	714
Light on the "Reverse Gap" .....	386
New Broom in Great George Street .....	206
Outlook Unsettled .....	98
"Proputty, Proputty, Proputty" .....	350
Shopping Around .....	571
Six-per-cent Squeeze .....	23
Tales from the Giants .....	498
Too Much, Too Soon! .....	63
Wrapping It Up .....	462
BARTON, A. H.	
Brigadier's Winifred (The) .....	57
Cup of my Tea (A) .....	167
BAYLIS, C. J.	
Tell Me, Business Doctor .....	531
BIRKETT, LORD	
State of the Unions—	
Summing Up .....	112
BISHOP, BEATA	
A Rivederci, Sergeant .....	70
I Wish the Floor Would Open Mating Call with Variations ..	521
What Colour Christmas? .....	830
BLACKLAND, GREGORY	
In the Country—	
Bedtime Bible (The) .....	862
BONE, ANN	
Myself Surprised .....	359

BOOTH, W. H.	
In the Country—	
"Apples in Store" .....	678
BOOTHROYD, J. B.	
Age War (The) (In collaboration) 702	
Appointment at Birch Grove ..	157
Bands Play On (The) .....	769
Civic-minded Interlude .....	201
End of the World (In collaboration) .....	923
Export Game (The) (In collaboration) ..	196
Future of Railways (The)—	
Passengers .....	414
Global Way of Life .....	447
Improved Model .....	630
In My State of Health .....	300
Inquisition for Idle Minds (In collaboration) .....	892
Italy, I Love You .....	95
I Wish the Floor Would Open ..	497
Keep Politics Spiritual .....	886
My Problem Play .....	518
Owzat! (In collaboration) .....	14
Party Programme (A) .....	591
Pay Now, Die Later .....	555
Preview .....	368
See these Sites! .....	565
Slim by Thinking (In collaboration) ..	124
Standardized Standards Wanted ..	492
Summoned by Betjeman .....	695
That Wonderful Stuff .....	805
Time Parody (In collaboration) ..	847
Townsmen (The) (In collaboration) ..	232
Welcome Poor Americans! (In collaboration) .....	774
When They Struck (In collaboration) ..	742
Who Said Second-Class Power? ..	222
Wish You Were Here .....	189
Winter Draws On .....	661
Year Now Standing (The).....	919
BRADBURY, MALCOLM	
In the Footsteps of D. H. Lawrence ..	658
Trouble Among the Compacts .....	939
BRODE, ANTHONY	
Gimmick (The) .....	938
Part Exchange .....	128
BROOKE, ANNE	
Emergency Ward Orthopaedics ..	871
BUCKLE, RICHARD	
Odd Jobs—Exhibitionist .....	376
BURGAN, WANDA	
Books Against the Wall .....	722
BUSSEY, GERALDINE	
Cup and the Lip (The) .....	25
CALDER, LIZ	
To the Health Visitor .....	842
CANN, GRACE E.	
Vision .....	826
CASTLE, DENNIS	
I Wish the Floor Would Open .....	846

CATLING, PATRICK SKENE	
Age War (The) (In collaboration) 702	
Castanets on Millbank .....	48
Doolittle Syndrome (The) .....	272
End of the World (In collaboration) ..	923
King of the Flashbacks .....	117
Masterpiece (The) .....	593
Much and Mediocre .....	529
Negative Manifesto (The) (In collaboration) .....	160
Pop People's Beauty .....	876
School for Stewardesses .....	340
Shill's Reunion .....	767
Swingingest Ambassador (The) .....	553
Time Parody (In collaboration) ..	847
Townsmen (The): a Parody (In collaboration) .....	232
CHITTY, SUSAN	
My Next Husband .....	952
CHURCHILL, RANDOLPH	
Shadowed Cabinet—	
My Five Years at the Foreign Office .....	512
CLARKE, WILLIAM	
Isolationist .....	343
CLARKSON, ANTHONY	
In the Country—	
Chargeable Fish (A) .....	498
COCKBURN, CLAUD	
Unpopular Causes—	
In Defence of Dishonesty.....	220
U.S. Election Result: Final .....	628
When I Investigated Katanga .....	259
COLLINS, FAITH	
Lipsticks I Have Known .....	470
CORSO, STELLA	
In the Country—	
Animal Tibias in My Soup .....	606
Rocky Mountairny .....	314
Pekingsery .....	870
CROSSBY, MARTIN	
Shepherd and the Private Eye (The) .....	12
CROSSE, MARGOT	
(Almost) No Regrets .....	457
Ours Not to Reason Which .....	287
DAWSON, MARY	
Alpine Search (An).....	623
DAVIS, ANDREW	
Nights at the Albert Hall .....	519
DEHN, PAUL	
Chancoburian (The) (In collaboration) ..	486
Is Anybody There? .....	804
Oddinburgh Festival .....	277
DICKINSON, PETER	
Age War (The) (In collaboration) 702	
Counting Game (The) .....	595
End of the World (In collaboration) ..	923
Export Game (The) (In collaboration) ..	196

Galsworthy in Space .....	776
Inquisition for Idle Minds (In collaboration) .....	892
Is There a Russian in Space? ..	484
Meet Mr. Spud .....	814
Motor Show Supplement—	
Father to the Man .....	564
Negative Manifesto (The) (In collaboration) .....	160
Noise .....	82
Parent's Song .....	506
Recitative for an Old Soldier ..	533
Sentimental Ballad (A) .....	335
Slim by Thinking (In collaboration) ..	124
Snow, Science and the Festive Mood .....	21
They .....	701
Time Parody (In collaboration) ..	847
Townsmen (The): a Parody (In collaboration) .....	232
Welcome Poor Americans! (In collaboration) .....	774
When They Struck (In collaboration) ..	742
Wish You Were Here .....	303
DOWLING, KATHARINE	
Now Look What You've Done! ..	106
DOWNING, BARBARA	
Pets Among the Petri Dishes....	470
DRAKE, DOROTHY	
Jam Session .....	251
DRINKWATER, CATHERINE	
Baths, Ancient and Modern .....	264
Rome on Wheels .....	650
DUNCAN, RONALD	
In the Country—	
Armchair Farming .....	571
Build It Yourself .....	786
Communism in the Back Garden .....	427
Home Brewed .....	23
Stable Companions .....	350
Why Build Kitchens? .....	902
DUNNET, LEILA	
Boxer in the Family (A) .....	434
ELLIS, H. F.	
Address to a Ten-Year-Old .....	370
Against Narrow Trousers .....	226
Anti-Party Conference .....	515
Biting the Bullet .....	188
Delenda Est Middlesex .....	624
Explorers' Restaurant (The) .....	699
Fish from the Tobacconist's .....	809
For the Right Man .....	899
Give Us Back Our Imponderables .....	115
Hour on A40 (An).....	295
Love on the Launching Pad .....	771
Make the Most of Your Airfield ..	336
Mediatrics — I .....	935
Nostalgia in Bloomsbury .....	551
Over the Bridge with Rosie .....	734
Road to the White House .....	79
Rocking the Cradle of Civilization ..	46

Small-time Stuff at Rome .....	262	HOLLAND, CELIA		LITTLER, FRANK		Home and Abroad .....	302
Sunday Morning in Wales .....	589	Encounter .....	251	Man with the Camera (The) ..	55	Inquisition for Idle Minds (In collaboration) .....	892
Trolope in Space .....	668	Organization Woman .....	831	LITTMAN, JEFFREY		In Thousands of Carriages Every Day .....	129
FARLEY, JENNIE		HOLLIS, CHRISTOPHER		Organ Solo .....	773	Look Before You Write .....	494
Dear Devil .....	778	Academic Life in Cuba .....	172	MACLAY, FERGUSSON		Passed to You, Please .....	380
Up at Cambridge .....	506	Conversations of a Codfish (The) ..	11	In the Country—		Pop People's Schools .....	916
FARRAR, CHRISTINE		Essence of Parliament .. 24, 61, 97,		Bats in the Kitchen .....	278	Punch as Prophet .....	88
Sadly Misled .....	286	641, 677, 713, 749, 785, 821, 863,		Hatfuls of Fish .....	63	Strange Tale from Long Ago .....	890
FINDLATER, RICHARD		Isn't Science Wonderful? .....	516	No Throwing at Golf .....	98	Tough Assignments .....	194
I Wished the Floor Would Open	784	I Wished the Floor Would Open	660	Tinkers .....	534	What's in the Papers? .....	707
Wish You Were Here .....	158	Need Anybody Be? .....	701	MADOC, PERRY		Which? Where? Whacko! ..	10
FINKLE, A.		On Christmas Day in Australia	811	I Was a Teenage Tiger .....	940	Wish You Were Here .....	22
Contacts with Zulus .....	557	Oxford Crisis (The) .....	332	MAJDALANY, FRED		REID, CHARLES	
FISH, MARGERY		HOLLOWOOD, A. BERNARD		It's Later Than You Rethink ..	56	Musicians from Russia .....	423
In the Country—		Attention Mr. Moores .....	331	Jet Baby Sleeps Faster than		RICHARDS, FRANK	
Honey from the Weed .....	242	Bundeswehr—Welcome! (The) ..	803	Sound .....	34	Shadowed Cabinet—	
FREUD, CLEMENT		Chanctonburian (The) (In col-		MALLET, RICHARD		Minister of Education .....	656
Odd Jobs—		laboration) .....	486	Powell's Chinese Boxes .....	122	RICHARDSON, JOANNA	
A Man with a Mission .....	270	Cricket Like Crazy .....	737	Once They're In, They've Paid		Matchmaker (The) .....	394
FURLONG, MONICA		In the City—		Taste .....	459	RING, ELIZABETH	
My Next Husband .....	910	Give Equities this Christmas ..	902	Wish You Were Here .....	118	Beside Story .....	434
What is the Matter with Men?—		Winter of Discontent .....	944	MANHOOD, H. A.		ROBINSON, KENNETH J.	
Saints .....	178	I Was Bribed! .....	671	Globe Trot .....	154	Unpopular Causes—	
FYSON, MARJORY E.		Motor Show Supplement—		MARSH, LESLIE		In Defence of Vulgarly .....	400
Is There a Doctor of Music in		Trade-in Blues .....	560	Demarcations of Discourtesy ..	443	RYAN, PATRICK	
the House? .....	759	My .....	448	Dial O for Ornithology .....	640	Case of the Missing Manholes	
GASELER, JOHN		Owzat! (In collaboration) ..	14	Inquisition for Idle Minds (In		(The) .....	346
In the Country—		Pianoforte .....	780	collaboration) .....	892	I Wished the Floor Would Open	881
Coypus .....	386	Plea for the Restoration of the		Is There a Doctor in the Tool-		Labour Party seeks to appoint a	
The Fox Usually Wins .....	642	Restaurant Car .....	44	house? .....	229	Leader .....	636
Pigeon Shooting .....	206	Political Missionaries .....	696	I Wished the Floor Would Open		Leave Him, Lady, Where He	
Rabbit Breeding .....	822	Roman Roundup .....	367	We're Saying Goodbye to them		Lies .....	738
GIBBONS, STELLA		Scowle in the Sixties .....		All .....	603	Man Next Door (The) .....	424
Jane in Space .....	600	Culture Camp 134 .....	239	Please .....	496	On the Notice Board .....	943
GORDON, RICHARD		E & d.—Status Symbols .....	192	Manner .....	419	Strange, White Fluff in	
Shadowed Cabinet—		Wakes on the Brava .....	274	Summoned by Shop .....	89	Gloucestershire .....	782
Minister of Health .....	584	Slim for Defeat .....	836	Wish You Were Here .....	56	Wedding Crab (The) .....	457
GRAHAM, VIRGINIA		Wish You Were Here .....	228	MAYNE, PETER		SADLER, MRS.	
Border Ballad Resung .....	665	HOLMES, W. K.		Beware of a Crocodile Bag .....	638	Grandmamas .....	722
Chance Encounter (The) .....	70	Evasion .....	373	MELVILLE, JOY		SCRIVEN, R. C.	
For Goodness' Sake .....	723	Garden Pet .....	377	Wish You Were Here .....	349	Tom o' Jodrell .....	205
Viennoise Shampoo (The) ..	420	HOUGHTON, CLARE		MILNE, ANGELA		SEATON, BERYL	
What is the Matter with Men?—		In the City—		Boots, Boots .....	910	Stenographer-Bird (The) .....	614
Philistines .....	250	Capital Gaining .....	242	Deflation .....	651	SHRAPNEL, NORMAN	
Wiltshire v. The Rest .....	228	Never Neverland .....	278	Droppers-in .....	143	Dickens in Space .....	632
GRAYSON, H.		HUGH-JONES, SIRIOL		Getting Started .....	358	SIMPSON, EDITH	
Tyson—An Appreciation .....	152	End of the World (In collab-		Keeping-up Note .....	435	Forbidden Question (The) .....	579
GREEN, MICHAEL		oration) .....	923	Mrs. 1960 .....	323	SIMPSON, N. F.	
Fit for Nothing .....	530	Let Me Have Girls About Me		Shorts Reviewer .....	344	Some Enigmas of History .....	444
GREEN, PETER		that are Fat .....	47	Square .....	795	SINCLAIR, PAMELA	
Q.E.D. .....	155	Platonic Dialogues .....	342	Them Thar Days .....	394	Convalescence after Casanova ..	471
GRENFEILL, JOYCE		Unpopular Causes .....	148	What is the Matter with Men?—		Pastoral .....	594
There and Back .....	80	In Defence of Celibacy .....	214	Intellectuals .....	286	SMITH, EILEEN	
GRIFFIN, J. E. M.		What is the Matter with Men?—		Why Don't We Get a . . . f ..	911	Bath Night at Beatie's .....	527
Skin Deep and then Some .....	71	Sinners .....	214	MILNER, E. V.		SQUIRE, R.	
GRIMOND, JO		HUME, JUNE R.		Adit .....	273	Insider (The) .....	172
State of the Unions—		Anniversary .....	758	Aunt Florence .....	571	Loan Floater .....	938
Wanted: A New Pattern .....	4	HUMPHREYS, ANN		Brief Encounter .....	87	STARF, FRAN	
GUNNING, HUGH		Yak Look (The) .....	435	Effort of Memory .....	694	Chap for Christmas (A) .....	859
Was Bannockburn Really Necess-		HUNT, PENELOPE		MORTON, J. B.		STONE, DAVID	
ary? .....	407	Age Group .....	406	Unpopular Causes—		Last of the Hypochondriacs	
HACKNEY, ALAN		Me and My Aunt Edna Calling		In Defence of Senility .....	256	(The) .....	921
Shadowed Cabinet—		The Box Office .....	169	MOSS, STIRLING		Where Barefoot Beauties Go	
Minister of Labour .....	548	JACKSON, COLIN		Shadowed Cabinet—		Bernerk .....	740
HARBORNE, JOAN		Traveler in Two Chinas (The)	383	Minister of Transport .....	692	Wherefore Stopp' st Thou Me? ..	334
Modern Education .....	830	JAMES, CYRIL		MOUNT, ROBIN		TAIT, ALEX	
HARKER, PHYLLIS		Bristol Grammar .....	151	Father O'Reilly .....	408	Night Out (A) .....	711
Why Not a Counter Plot? .....	794	JOHNSON, PAUL		MURRAY, THOMAS		TAYLOR, DOREEN	
HARWOOD, JOHANNA		Trouble in Buenos Aires .....	569	Up at a Villa .....	231	Out of the Top Drawer .....	543
Food for Thought .....	542	JOHNSON, T. R.		NATH, KEDAR		THOMAS, GWYN	
HAWARD, ANNE		Aromarama .....	200	Half-Yearly Report .....	161	Gwyn Thomas's Schooldays—	
Gone for a Soldier .....	794	Heartless .....	497	OAKES, PHILIP		Disintegration of the Umpire ..	52
Hospitality .....	687	Lament .....	35	I Wished the Floor Would Open	806	Flannelled Fool .....	16
HAWTHORNE, JENNIE		Party Lines .....	296	Lawrence in Space .....	844	Outward Bound .....	126
Beggar My Neighbour .....	686	KEOWN, ERIC		PACKER, JO		Round the Bend in the Gym .....	164
HAYWOOD, HILARY		I Wished the Floor Would Open	558	Odd Jobs—		Rugged Winter (A) .....	198
Productio ad Absurdum .....	179	No Wreaths for Shaftesbury	93	The Two Rs in Nigeria .....	307	Vaulting Ambition .....	90
HEATHCOTE, PHYLLIS		Wish You Were Here .....	261	Sheepshearer's Ball (The) .....	481	Whistling in the Dark .....	234
Dear Clemmy .....	106	KNEALE, NIGEL		PAINE, CAROL		Hoods (The) .....	566
HEIDEN, L.		Shadowed Cabinet—		Peace Poem .....	323	Night Called Concern (A) .....	883
Blackmail by Revered Figure ..	313	Speech by the Minister of		PARVES, DIM		Oompa (The) .....	524
HERBERT, SIR ALAN		Power, 1973 .....	764	PARKER, RICHARD		Shadowed Cabinet—	
Concerning Astro-Luno-		KNOX, E. V.		Eating in Unison .....	190	Chancellor, who are you	
Satellite-Telecommunication		Conan Doyle in Space .....	744	PARVIN, BETTY		hounding now? .....	800
I Wished the Floor Would Open	597	Nothing Much Wrong with the		Little Lament (A) .....	215	THOMAS, WYNNE	
"Lost His Memory!" .....	461	Machine .....	840	PEEBLES, IAN		Party Line .....	929
Misleading Cases—		KOENIG, FRANCES		Look Back in Anguish .....	381	THURBER, JAMES	
"Fair" Comment? Critic		Aunt Image (The) .....	953	PETRY, DIANA		Here Come the Dolphins .....	480
Incarcerated .....	675	Flutter by the Gutters (A) ..	686	Chatterbox .....	597	TOWNSON, HAZEL	
Who Deceives Whom? .....	237	Happy Spoiling .....	34	Summer Courtship .....	358	Fair Warning .....	178
One Man—How Many Papers?	297	In My Garden .....	758	PORTER, D. D.		Generous Description .....	107
Shadowed Cabinet—		LESSING, CHARLOTTE		Something of a Borzoi .....	415	Headline .....	614
Home Secretary .....	728	Dustbin . . . for the Disposal of	142	POTTER, DENNIS		Healthy Retreat .....	650
HILL, LEONARD		Lewis, C. Day .....	454	Unpopular Causes—		Lullaby .....	871
Teacup Event .....	266	Groves of Academe (The) .....		In Defence of Stagnation .....	292	TROTT, CELIA	
HINDER, J. E.		LISTER, R. P.		POTTER, STEPHEN		Operation Homo Sapiens .....	54
First-Class Return to Ruritania	882	In an Austrian Hospital .....	888	Unpopular Causes—		Pattern for Survival .....	952
Good Shot .....	495	I Thought I Saw Stars .....	379	In Defence of Slacking .....	476	TUCKER, JAMES	
Put Down the White Man's		Judgment (The) .....	309	PRICE, R. G. G.		"My Son, My Stone!" .....	708
Burden .....	748	Limbo .....	556	Con Amore .....	747	TURNER, E. S.	
Under Which Flag? .....	349	Lines to a Lady .....	493	End of Term .....	81	And Old Port for Ever .....	697
		M. .....	820	Gilding the Geese .....	405	Battle of the Beaches (The) ..	8
		Midnight and Morning .....	781				
		Pictures from an Exhibition ..	522-3				
		Planets .....	449				
		Wined Chariot .....	662				



302  
892  
129  
494  
380  
480  
88  
890  
194  
707  
10  
22  
423  
656  
394  
434  
400  
346  
881  
636  
738  
424  
943  
57  
722  
205  
614  
332  
579  
444  
471  
27  
72  
338  
59  
21  
40  
34  
11  
43  
52  
64  
98  
90  
34  
63  
24  
00  
29  
80  
78  
14  
50  
54  
08  
07  
8

Coulommiers, Meet Leighton Buzzard	224
Do You Eat Straight or Zigzag? Glory of the Garden (The)	879
Inquisition for Idle Minds (In collaboration)	123
It's Less of a Strain to Travel by Drain	892
Keep It Snappy But Safe	403
Motor Show Supplement—	626
Worries of Mr. Grease (The)	88
Music's Not for Listening (The)	559
No Wolves in the Passion Pit	83
Roastie Beastie w/ a Steamed Towel, Please	378
Wish You Were Here	807
"With Which are Incorporated"	385
You, Too, Can Have a Radio Station	587
USBORNE, RICHARD A.	732
How the Rhino Got the Hump	348
Kipling in Space	704
Terms and Germs	663
"VLADIK"	
Women is Like Cats	310
VOUILLEMIN, SHELAGH	
My Other Piano	615

# BOOKING OFFICE

ATKINSON, ALEX	
Art of Jazz (The)	577
Enjoying Jazz	212
BETJEMAN, JOHN	
Five Out of Six	868
BOWEN, JOHN	
Blacks (The)	211
Connection (The)	211
Fings Aint What They Used To Be	211
Six Granada Plays	755
Wesker Trilogy (The)	793
BOWLE, JOHN	
King William IV	647
Last of the Crusaders (The)	392
Life and Times of Tarquin the Etruscan (The)	212
Myth of Rome's Fall (The)	67
Reign of George III (The)	647
Romans	212
BRADBURY, MALCOLM	
Barbed Wire Fence (The)	719
Bonwell for the Defence: 1769-1774	575
Don't Tell Alfred	719
Dying Nicely	68
Frontiers of Love, The	949
Gamesters (The)	68
I Was a Teenage Dwarf	949
Little Heroes of Tarquinia (The)	949
Mr. Love and Justice	68
Numbered Account (The)	68
Proud American Boy (The)	611
Sovereigns (The)	719
Tava Tahiti	611
To Kill a Mockingbird	611
Warm Country (The)	949
Waters of Kronos (The)	611
Yesterday's Hero	611
Zazie	32
BROCKBANK, RUSSELL	
Dutch Museums	869
Last Causes of Motoring	829
BROOKE, JOCELYN	
Book of Pleasures (A)	720
Compleat Imbiber (The)	720
Lotus and the Robot (The)	827
Merry England	720
Secret World (The)	104
Sudy in Yellow	577
Writing on the Wall (The)	357
CATLING, PATRICK SKENE	
Memoirs of a Professional Cad	141
My Wicked, Wicked Ways	141
Operation Elops	757
S-Man (The)	648
CONNELL, JOHN	
Full Life (A)	503
Israel, a Blessing and a Curse	139
Memoirs of Lord Ismay (The)	503
Nehru: The Years of Power	468
No Alternative: Israel Observed	139
DAINTREY, ADRIAN	
Art of William Blake (The)	248
Topolo Drawings in the Victoria and Albert Museum	69
DICK, KAY	
Disastrous Marriage (The)	212
Goncourt Brothers (The)	320
Sabres of Paradise (The)	647
Shakespeare and Company	69
Vie Anglaise (La)	829

WAIN, JOHN	
Unpopular Causes—	
In Defence of Privilege	440
WALMSLEY, ERIC	
Frozen Asset	215
Not Competing	517
Quiet Night	639
Remuneration	20
WARD, J. D. U.	
In the Country—	
Elms and Disease	714
The Mills of Man	171
Mixed Kin	462
Woodland Management	944
WATT, T. S.	
Suave and Glittering	460
Try My Trepanning	159
WESKER, ARNOLD	
Shadowed Cabinet—Minister of Housing	836
WHITEHORN, KATHARINE	
Unpopular Causes—	
In Defence of Excess	328
WILLIS, WILFRED	
Fat or Fit?	142

WILLOCK, COLIN	
In the Country—	
Mallard Imaginaire	750
Worm Party	134
WINTLE, COLONEL A. D.	
Shadowed Cabinet—	
Minister of Defence	620
WISE, JOAN	
Parents' Guide to the Prefects' Dance	870
WODEHOUSE, P. G.	
Our Man in America	19, 86, 230, 372, 456, 637, 673
WOODS, D. J.	
Springbok in Little Rock	203
WYATT, WOODROW	
State of the Unions—	
Imperfect, but what's the alternative?	40
WYKES, ALAN	
I Wished the Floor Would Open	741
WYNDHAM-LEWIS, D. B.	
Pioneer Days	202
YOUNG, B. A.	
Cryptolympiad	267
Y's Work (The)	779

End of the World (In collaboration)	923
Future of Railways (The)—	
Branch Lines	413
Inquisition for Idle Minds (In collaboration)	892
Joyce in Space	816
Motor Show Supplement—	
And Now, the Seventeen-Year Test	564
Negative Manifesto (The) (In collaboration)	160
New Look for "The Garden"	842
Old Hendon Days	338
Poetry of Sir Winston Churchill (The)	602
Shufti Binti!	119
Time Parody (In collaboration)	847
Unpopular Causes—	
In Defence of Cannibalism	184
Wish You Were Here	96
Westminster Carol (The)	901
YOXALL, H. W.	
Carried Pigeons	634

## Criticism

DICKINSON, PETER	
Blood Count—	
Bump in the Night—A Dangerous Game—The New Sonnet	69
Wayward—A Touch of Drama—A well-known Face	69
Cave Pending—Gideon's Risk—Killer on the Catwalk—The Progress of a Crime—The Van Dreisen Affair	213
Assault on a Queen—The Dark Places—The House in Marsh Road—The Man from Nowhere—Perhaps I Look Simple—The Schulz Money	433
The Girl in the White Mercedes—The Manchurian Candidate—Murder out of School—Roag's Syndicate—Sleeping Dogs Lying—A Touch of Stage Fright	613
Blindfold—Holiday With Murder—Mr. Diabolo—The Pass Beyond Kashmir—The Search for Tabatha Carr—Tiger on My Back	757
Eton	793
Poetry—	
Collected Poems 1930-1960 (Eberhart)—The Colossus and Other Poems—The Emmit of Noon—Poems 1955-1959 (Pasternak)—Selected Poems (Cummings) 1923-1958	829
Collected Poems of Andrew Young (The)	175
Common Grace (A)	175
Homage to Clio	175
Solitudes (The)	175
Some Men Are Brothers	175
DURRANT, JOHN	
Book of Dolphins (A)	951
Gone Aways	355
History of Song (A)	393
Mozart and His Times	68
Monks of Mount Athos (The)	355
No Place Like Home	105
Wicked Village (The)	721
ELLIS, H. F.	
Angling Ways	247
Casting	247
Evening Rise (The)	721
River Fishing for Sea Trout	247
GORDON, RICHARD	
Early History of Surgery (The)	283
Microbes, Men and Monarchs	283
HENGIST, PHILIP	
Age of Grandeur (The)	756
Metamorphosis of the Gods (The)	756
Young Disraeli (The)	869
HOLLIS, CHRISTOPHER	
Autobiography of Father Dominique Pire (The)	908
Curzon: The End of an Epoch	612
Great Teresa (The)	505
Herbert Morrison	104
To Moscow and Beyond	321
HOLLOWOOD, A. BERNARD	
Arnold Bennett and H. G. Wells	321
Bargainers (The)	612
Bowler's Turn	32
City (The)	432
Cricketer's Companion (The)	355
Critical History of English Literature (A)	540
Fearful Fifties (The)	828
Good Years (The)	685
Lord of the Isles	719
Memoirs of Morris (The)	869
Tax Gatherers (The)	757
West Indies Revisited	32
HUGH-JONES, SIRIOL	
Children's Books	683
Children's Christmas Books	907
Sapphire Treasury (The)	391
KEOWN, ERIC	
Advice	909
Bachelors (The)	647
Benson and the Bensonians	685
By the Sea, By the Sea	647
Cannoneer's Chinese Restaurant	103
Certain Compass (A)	103
Confessions of a Monk	320
Count Luna and Baron Bagge	320
Custard Boys (The)	539
Death of a Vulpicide	431
Eagle Flies from England (The)	210
Fausto and Anna	320
Flat in Paris (The)	639
Flight into Camden	647
Frame for Julian	755
Front Door Key (The)	867
Golden Greek (The)	211
Grand Duke and Mr. Pimm (The)	103
Imperial Caesar	431
In this World	647
Jealousy	867
Kind of Loving (A)	211
Leech (The)	320
Letter in a Taxi (The)	431
Living Theatre (The)	357
Lords and Ladies	357
Man of Blood	211
Margaret Roper	685
New Year's Tale (A)	867
Paper Wall (The)	103
Pistols for Two	755
Pomp and Circumstance	755
Saturday Lunch with the Brownings	539
Sea Urchin (The)	755
Shakespeare's Public	141
Shorn Lamb (The)	431
Six Thousand and One Nights	284
Small Cellar (The)	909
South Sea Bubble (The)	613
Test to Destruction (A)	867
Through the Caribbean	355
We Think the World of You	539
KERRIDGE, ROY	
Subterraneans (The)	140
KINGSTON, JEREMY	
Curse of the Mizbegotten (The)	177
MARSHALL, ARTHUR	
How to Become Headmaster	504
MARSH, LESLIE	
Pick of Punch	540
MELVILLE, JOY	
Mrs. Heaton's Cookery and Household Management	577
MILNE, ANGELA	
Berthe in Paradise	283
Catherine Chailley	303
Corporation Wife	391
Devil and the Fool (The)	391
Fresh from the Country	503
Glass of Red Wine (A)	175
Men Die	175
Moving Day	391
Mr. Engel's Eye	283
Others (The)	503
Passion (The)	283
Shadows on the Wall	175
Sort of Forgetting (A)	391
Three Men on the Left Hand	283
When the Green Woods Laugh	175
Where the Boys Are	503
MORTLOCK, C. B.	
Autobiography (Anton Dolin)	950
Giselle and I	950
ORME, GORDON	
Chords and Discords	393
PLUMBE, C. CONWAY	
Hero (The): Charles A. Lindbergh	576
Spanish Armada (The)	540
White Rajahs (The)	612
Without Let or Hindrance	612
POWELL, ANTHONY	
Confessions of an Art Addict	176
Man Without Qualities (The)	504
POWELL, VIOLET	
Conversation with Max	792
Family Album (A)	611
George and Robert Stephenson	33
Lonely But Not Alone	356
Married to Tolstoy	432
My Grandmothers and I	468
Trumpets from the Steep	611
Vasari's Lives of the Artists	392
PRICE, R. G. G.	
African (The)	140
Age of Reason (The)	949
And Now, To-morrow	249
Answer to Life is No (The)	104
Art of Llewellyn Jones (The)	247
Author Hunting	104
Bachelors (The)	791
Baldwin Age (The)	909
Border Country	908
Bundle of Sensations (A)	176
Cambridge Discovered	576
Cambridge Life	576
Captain Pax	684
Chinese Love Pavilion (The)	575
Dear Deceit (The)	575
Doctor in Clover	828
Doomed Oasis (The)	684
Edinburgh	540
Eye Witness	756
Family Favourites	575
Fly by Night	908
Four Absentees	649
Forglone Saga (The)	575
Girl Waiting in the Shade	791
Goddam White Man (The)	140
Golden Youth of Lee Prince (The)	356
Haunting of Hill House (The)	356
Hawaii	31
Hotter Winds (The)	392
Hostholder (The)	140
How to Become a Millionaire	504
In Pursuit of the English	357
Insufficient Poppy	247
Teaves in the Offing	284
Kean Land (The)	908
Making of an Englishman (The)	431
Memoirs of William Hickey	648
Mistapim in Cambodia	304
Nancy Astor	33
Number of Things (A)	356
Picturegoers (The)	247
Pope Joan	791
Private History	909
Prize-Giving (The)	791
Real Sitestri	684
Riddle of the Fly (The)	356
Road to Disaster (A)	908

<i>She-Wolf of France (The)</i> .....	467	<i>Hume: Portrait of a Double</i>		<i>Faces in the Dark</i> .....	789	<i>Happy Haven (The)</i> .....	429
<i>Skirne</i> .....	467	<i>Murderer</i> .....	392	<i>Fanatics (The)</i> .....	316	<i>Importance of Being Oscar (The)</i>	680
<i>Sleep Walkers</i> .....	247	<i>Summoned by Bells</i> .....	951	<i>From the Terrace</i> .....	244	<i>Improbabilities or The Shepherd's</i>	
<i>Sowing: Autobiography 1880-1904</i>	431	<i>War on the Underground</i> .....	649	<i>From the Kind (The)</i> .....	388	<i>Chameleon</i> .....	28
<i>Stephen Crane: Letters</i> .....	285	<i>VICKERS, A.</i>		<i>High Time</i> .....	537	<i>I'm Talking About Jerusalem</i>	208
<i>Storyboard</i> .....	684	<i>Strike from the Sky</i> .....	213	<i>Home from the Hill</i> .....	501	<i>J'ai de Vieux</i> .....	101
<i>Take a Girl Like You</i> .....	467	<i>Three Splendid Ships</i> .....	33	<i>I Aim at the Stars</i> .....	824	<i>Julius Caesar</i> .....	245
<i>Tangled Web (The)</i> .....	140	<i>Udet—A Man's Life</i> .....	213	<i>Il Tetto</i> .....	280	<i>Last Joke (The)</i> .....	500
<i>Venus of Kompara</i> .....	467	<i>YOUNG, B. A.</i>		<i>Inherit the Wind</i> .....	100	<i>Life of the Party (The)</i> .....	789
<i>Watcher in the Shadows</i> .....	31	<i>Desert Generals (The)</i> .....	505	<i>Jazz on a Summer's Day</i>	464	<i>Man for All Seasons (A)</i> .....	64
<i>Wilder Stone</i> .....	31	<i>Deterrent or Defence</i> .....	285	<i>L'Aventura</i> .....	824	<i>Mary Stuart</i> .....	572
<b>RAISON, TIMOTHY</b>		<i>Lloyd George</i> .....	612	<i>Lights of Variety</i> .....	573	<i>Miss Julie</i> .....	209
<i>Liberal Hour (The)</i> .....	684	<i>Look Back and Laugh</i> .....	432	<i>L'Eau Vive</i> .....	316	<i>Mr. Burke, M.P.</i> .....	536
<b>RAVEN, SIMON</b>		<i>Moonlight Red</i> .....	433	<i>Let No Man Write My Epitaph</i>	316	<i>Naked Island</i> .....	500
<i>Glorious Oyster (The)</i> .....	541	<i>Phenomena Shall Not Die</i>	793	<i>Let's Make Love</i> .....	353	<i>Oliver!</i> .....	28
<i>Oysters</i> .....	541	<i>Serengeti Shall Not Die</i> .....	248	<i>Light Up the Sky</i> .....	100	<i>Out of this World</i> .....	788
<i>Personal Column</i> .....	467	<i>Shooting at Sharpeville</i>	951	<i>Man in the Moon</i> .....	717	<i>Platonov</i> .....	572
<i>Young Sea Dogs</i> .....	31	<i>Stanley's Way</i> .....	539	<i>Millionaires (The)</i> .....	645	<i>Playboy of the Western World</i>	
<b>RAYMOND, JOHN</b>		<i>Stones of Venice (The)</i> .....	284	<i>North to Sunday</i> .....	789	<i>(The)</i> .....	572
<i>For Victory in Peaceful Competi-</i>		<i>Tourist in Africa (A)</i> .....	539	<i>Ocean's Eleven</i> .....	353	<i>Progress to the Park</i> .....	752
<i>tion with Capitalism</i> .....	103	<i>Trouble with Lichen</i> .....	433	<i>Pickpocket</i> .....	428	<i>Trials by Logic</i> .....	788
<i>Gentlemen of the Law</i> .....	248	<i>Venice</i> .....	284	<i>Plunderers (The)</i> .....	824	<i>Romeo and Juliet</i> .....	536
<i>History of Modern Japan (A)</i> .....	469	<b>AT THE GALLERY</b>		<i>Polyamers</i> .....	209	<i>Settled Out of Court</i> .....	608
<b>RICHARDSON, JOANNA</b>		<b>DAINTREY, ADRIAN</b>		<i>Portrait in Black</i> .....	717	<i>She Stoops to Conquer</i> .....	716
<i>Autobiography of Mark Twain</i>	648	<i>Drawing Optional</i> .....	717	<i>Private Property</i> .....	752	<i>Sive</i> .....	644
<i>Autobiography of Miss Knight</i>	950	<i>Noble Treat (A)</i> .....	948	<i>Pusher</i> .....	244	<i>This Year, Next Year</i> .....	608
<i>French Exiles 1789-1815 (The)</i>	104	<i>Picasso at the Tate</i> .....	102	<i>Saturday Night and Sunday</i>		<i>Tobias and the Angel</i> .....	864
<i>Love and the English</i> .....	827	<i>Regal Days</i> .....	905	<i>Morning</i> .....	681	<i>Toys in the Attic</i> .....	137
<i>Marriage East and West</i> .....	432	<i>Sir Matthew Smith Memorial</i>		<i>Shadows</i> .....	136	<i>Troilus and Cressida</i> .....	208
<i>Marriage of Gor (The)</i> .....	505	<i>Exhibition</i> .....	575	<i>Shoot the Pianist</i> .....	904	<i>Victims of Duty</i> .....	28
<i>Napoleon's Son</i> .....	433	<i>War and Peace</i> .....	754	<i>Siege of Sidney Street (The)</i>	645	<i>Waiting in the Wings</i> .....	389
<i>Russia Has Two Faces</i> .....	720	<i>Whistler</i> .....	389	<i>Strangers When We Meet</i>	464	<i>Winter's Tale (The)</i> .....	353
<i>Russians ex People</i> .....	720	<b>AT THE OPERA</b>		<i>Surprise Package</i> .....	501	<i>Zizi Jeanmaire at the Royalty</i>	680
<b>ROBINSON, KENNETH J.</b>		<b>REID, CHARLES</b>		<i>Suspect</i> .....	752	<b>Edinburgh Festival</b>	
<i>Master Builders (The)</i> .....	791	<i>Merrie England</i> .....	245	<i>Three Moves to Freedom</i>	388	<i>Beyond the Fringe</i> .....	352
<i>Tom's Eye View</i> .....	791	<i>Rheingold (Das)</i> .....	466	<i>Time Machine (The)</i> .....	537	<i>Romulus the Great</i> .....	352
<b>SCRIVEN, R. C.</b>		<i>Sommambula (La)</i> .....	644	<i>Too Hot to Handle</i> .....	501	<i>Seagull (The)</i> .....	317
<i>English Excursions</i> .....	460	<i>Walküre (Die)</i> .....	466	<i>Tunes of Glory</i> .....	864	<i>Trois Mousquetaires (Les)</i>	352
<i>From Raft to Raft</i> .....	68	<b>AT THE PICTURES</b>		<i>Under Ten Flags</i> .....	865	<i>Wallenstein (The)</i> .....	353
<i>Hebridean Skarrier</i> .....	248	<b>DICKINSON, PETER</b>		<i>World of Susie Wong (The)</i>	947	<b>YOUNG, B. A.</b>	
<i>Last of the Shalormen</i> .....	68	<i>Gazabo (The)</i> .....	65	<b>AT THE PLAY</b>		<i>Spartan's Can't Sing</i> .....	318
<i>Pierrots</i> .....	792	<i>Roses for the Prosecution</i>	65	<b>BOOTHBY, J. B.</b>		<i>This Property is Condemned</i>	318
<i>Visit to Don Ottavio (A)</i> .....	432	<i>Savage Innocents (The)</i> .....	29	<i>Horses in Midstream</i> .....	465	<i>Zoo Story (The)</i> .....	318
<b>SMITH, F. W.</b>		<i>Sons and Lovers</i> .....	29	<i>Once Upon a Mattress</i> .....	465	<b>IN THE GROOVE</b>	
<i>Country Blues (The)</i> .....	214	<b>MALLET, RICHARD</b>		<i>Princess (The)</i> .....	318	<b>CATLING, PATRICK SKENE</b>	
<b>SMITH, PETER DUVAL</b>		<i>Adventures of Huckleberry Finn</i>		<i>Tiger and the Horse (The)</i>	318	<i>Jackson Pollock of Jazz (The)</i>	753
<i>Irish Short Stories</i> .....	33	<i>(The)</i> .....	173	<b>KNOWN, ERIC</b>		<i>Plea for Eclecticism</i> .....	30
<i>Life in the Theatre (A)</i> .....	249	<i>Alamo (The)</i> .....	682	<i>And Another Thing</i> .....	572	<i>Price of Progress (The)</i> .....	430
<i>Reasonable Rebel (A)</i> .....	139	<i>All the Young Men</i> .....	428	<i>Art of Living (The)</i> .....	281	<i>Trend of Sleeves (The)</i> .....	281
<i>South African Stories</i> .....	33	<i>Apartment (The)</i> .....	173	<i>Billy Liar</i> .....	429	<b>ON THE AIR</b>	
<i>Time in Rome (A)</i> .....	213	<i>Bells Are Ringing</i> .....	353	<i>Bride Comes Back (The)</i>	824	<b>RYAN, PATRICK</b> .....	430, 466, 502, 537
<b>SUFFOLK, PETER</b>		<i>Bliss on Britain</i> .....	752	<i>Brides of March (The)</i>	101	573, 609, 646, 682, 718, 754, 790, 826	
<i>Lugard: The Years of Authority</i>	576	<i>Dark at the Top of the Stairs (The)</i>	573	<i>Chin-Chin</i> .....	680	865, 905, 948	
<i>New Earth (A)</i> .....	176	<i>Dolce Vita (La)</i> .....	904	<i>Duchess of Malfi (The)</i>	946	<b>TURTON, HENRY</b> .....	29, 65, 102, 137
<i>Twain Brother Hell</i> .....	176	<i>Elmer Gantry</i> .....	947	<i>Emil and the Detectives</i> .....	946	174, 210, 246, 282, 319, 354, 390	
<i>White Nile (The)</i> .....	867	<i>Entertainer (The)</i> .....	209	<i>Every Man in His Humour</i>	64		
<b>SYMONS, JULIAN</b>		<i>Eternal Ecstasy</i> .....	280				
<i>Gentlemen Convicts</i> .....	177						

## Pictures and Sketches

"ANTON".....	17, 71, 91, 156, 165, 186, 241, 267, 287	HARGREAVES, H.....	130, 176-7, 276, 334, 423, 448-9	ROBINSON, D. R.....	47, 117, 432
312, 335, 384, 441, 471, 489, 530, 574, 603, 622		490-91, 514, 576, 591, 639, 662, 720, 721, 745-5	828-9, 942-3	ROTH, ARNOLD.....	792, 870-71, 951
693, 733, 780, 881, 911, 930				SALISBURY, C.....	288, 616, 718
ATCHISON, M.....	238, 261, 300, 357, 459, 540, 595	HEATH, MICHAEL.....	330, 354	SCARFE, GERALD.....	593, 701, 736, 920
647, 652, 685, 768-9, 859, 918, 924		HEWISON, W.....	4, 28, 40, 64, 76, 112, 124-5, 127	SCULLY, W. P.....	185, 235, 323, 373, 425, 507, 569
"ATYRS".....	580	148, 184, 220, 245, 256, 281, 292, 318, 328, 364		597, 633, 735, 781, 801, 860, 879, 900	
BARTLETT, MAURICE.....	25, 129	389, 400, 422, 440, 476, 487, 500, 512, 536, 562-3		93, 101, 137, 208, 317, 352, 429	
BEARD, A. E.....	115, 172, 191, 221, 296, 365, 534	572, 600, 608, 632, 641, 644, 668, 680, 695, 702-3		465, 752, 788, 824, 864, 893, 931-4	
570		704, 716, 744, 749, 774, 776, 785, 814-15, 816, 821		868, 898	
		848, 850, 861, 876, 903, 926		SEMPÉ.....	268-9, 308, 359, 416-17, 460, 808, 838-9
BLAKE, QUENTIN.....	16, 23, 52, 63, 90, 98, 126, 134			858, 898	
164, 171, 198, 206, 234, 242, 278, 314, 350, 386		HOLLAND, J. A.....	433, 461, 575	SHERRIFFS, R. S.....	29, 65, 100, 136, 173, 209, 244
427, 462, 498, 571, 606, 642, 714, 750, 786, 822		HOLLOWOOD, A. BERNARD.....	2, 14-15, 38, 74, 182	280, 316, 353, 388, 428, 464, 681, 826, 865, 906	
862, 902		218, 254, 290, 326, 362, 398, 438, 475, 486, 499		948	
BROCKBANK, RUSSELL.....	57, 81, 122, 271, 302, 374-5	510, 573, 582, 587, 618, 635, 654, 690, 726, 762		SIGGS, L. H.....	13, 45, 79, 94, 207, 274, 380, 390
407, 483, 546, 561, 630-31, 679, 843, 892		798, 834, 874, 914		478, 524, 567, 604, 628, 673, 697, 746, 760, 784	
BURGIN, ERIC.....	21, 41, 56, 95, 123, 151, 174, 200	367, 377, 401, 424		805, 886, 912, 919, 935	
275, 282, 337, 356, 382, 396, 454-5, 473, 501, 509		"IONICUS".....	113, 187, 232, 260, 367, 377, 401, 424	SILLINCE, W. A.....	9, 99, 116, 190, 212, 228, 257
538, 568, 594, 663, 669, 678, 710, 724, 738, 777		JACKSON, ALFRED.....	192, 249, 295, 348, 696, 922	"SMILBY".....	28, 54, 87, 131, 213, 239, 246, 293, 297
795, 816, 819, 837, 904, 917, 938		JACQUES, ROBIN.....	683, 719, 755, 791, 827, 867, 907	436, 447, 455, 480, 526, 562-3, 585, 629, 680, 689	
CHAPMAN, C. H.....	657			707, 715, 740, 747, 851, 929	
CHESTERTON, R.....	30, 601, 687, 877, 939	LANGDON, DAVID.....	2, 19, 38, 44, 74, 83, 110, 119	SMITH, TON.....	449, 529
CHURCHILL, ROBERT.....	231	146, 157, 182, 204, 218, 230, 254, 262, 290, 299		SPENCER, DR. D. A.....	652
DAVIS, ROY.....	22, 55, 105, 321, 336, 368, 493, 533	326, 341, 362, 369, 398, 404, 438, 445, 474, 479		SPROD, G. N.....	49, 50-51, 80, 110, 168, 194, 203
548, 600, 766, 796		510, 519, 546, 551, 582, 596, 618, 637, 654, 659		224, 273, 303, 372, 403, 415, 448, 481, 558, 609	
DOBSON, R.....	817	690, 726, 739, 762, 782, 798, 810, 834, 841, 874		625, 671, 737, 783, 804, 820, 842, 885, 892	
EMETT, ROWLAND.....	409-10-11-12-13-14	893, 901, 914		STARKE, LESLIE.....	128, 140-41, 166, 226-7, 310-11
FARRIS, J. G.....	18, 144, 349, 383, 395, 405, 516, 549	"LARRY".....	26-7, 60, 84, 121, 158, 195, 236, 264-5	366, 378, 485, 494, 539, 645, 779, 789, 893, 894	
579, 602, 620, 676, 868, 908		351, 385, 408, 472, 484, 535, 555, 590, 640, 699		STEADMAN, RALPH.....	96, 120, 222, 272, 537, 592
FFOLKES, MICHAEL.....	53, 68, 138, 188, 202, 270,	751, 772-3, 818, 936-7		STRAUSFELD, PETER.....	31, 67, 103, 139, 175, 211, 247
301, 307, 333, 344, 376, 420, 456, 464, 504, 513		LAUDER, K. B.....	626-7	283, 320, 355, 391, 431, 467	
541, 562-3, 566, 585, 615, 621, 644, 648, 670, 686		MAHOOD, KENNETH.....	22, 59, 107, 143, 196-7, 201	552, 557, 605, 778, 813	
713, 717, 758-9, 767, 793, 832, 846, 921, 950		215, 223, 279, 294, 347, 381, 419, 443, 466, 488		TAYLOR, J. W.....	12, 46, 108, 229, 259, 324, 302, 543
FINDOW, R. F.....	159, 251, 515, 953	492, 505, 527, 550, 584, 598-9, 651, 668, 706, 723		565, 610, 634, 674, 705, 729, 765, 802, 823, 887	
FISCHETTI, JOHN.....	528, 753, 812, 866, 869	730, 787, 814, 853, 857, 883, 888-9, 897, 923, 928		892, 899, 940-41	
FISHER, ED.....	62, 150, 518, 664	945		THIELWELL, NORMAN.....	5, 42, 77, 102, 104, 135, 149
"FOUGASSE".....	1, 37, 73, 109, 145, 181, 217, 253	MANEBRIDGE, NORMAN.....	304-5, 847, 893	179, 199, 225, 248, 331, 345, 450-51, 477, 525, 531	
289, 325, 361, 397, 437, 545, 581, 617, 653, 725		MEIGH, PHILIP.....	114, 228, 319, 458, 623, 882	565, 610, 634, 674, 705, 729, 765, 802, 823, 887	
761, 797, 833, 873, 893, 913		MOGER, TEGNER H.....	559-60-64	892, 899, 940-41	
FREMORA, A.....	154-5	MYERS, DAVID.....	646	TIDY, BILL.....	36, 69, 85, 169, 285, 313, 332, 520, 553
GANTHRISS, HENNING.....	78, 708, 752, 803, 825	"PAV".....	309, 340, 342-3, 393, 402-3, 442, 452, 468, 503	TOMBS, M. F.....	371, 453, 532, 745
GRAHAM, A. S.....	8, 10, 82, 132, 160, 170, 180, 189	508, 544, 556, 586, 611, 665, 756-7, 884		WAITE, KEITH.....	33, 167, 329, 338-9, 426
243, 266, 258, 315, 360, 387, 457, 463, 496, 588		730, 787, 814, 853, 857, 883, 888-9, 897, 923, 928		WALSH, DAVID.....	92, 379, 890-91
607, 643, 649, 658, 684, 711, 732, 790, 806, 863		945		WILES, A. F.....	35, 72, 435, 444, 482, 520-21, 660
872, 896, 905		PETTY, BRUCE.....	284, 612-13, 772, 942	682, 694, 731, 811, 844, 880, 909, 954	
"HAEM".....	392, 495	POUZET.....	66	WILLIAMS, FERLITH ECCLES.....	48, 161, 430, 700
		"RAYMONDE".....	638, 748	WILSON, GAHAN.....	152, 277, 469, 577, 672, 675, 712
		ROBERTSON, I. K.....	668		771, 831

960

429  
680

28  
208  
101  
245  
500  
789  
64  
572  
209  
536  
500  
28  
788  
572

572  
752  
788  
536  
608  
716  
644  
608  
864  
137  
716  
208  
28  
389  
353  
680

352  
352  
317  
352  
317  
353

318  
318  
318

753  
30  
430  
281

537  
826  
948  
137  
390

432  
951  
718  
920  
569  
900  
429  
—4  
8-9  
898  
244  
906  
948  
390  
784  
935  
257  
421  
297  
689  
929  
529  
652  
203  
609  
892  
-11  
804  
592  
247  
467  
543  
813  
149  
531  
887  
-41  
553  
745  
426  
-91  
660  
954  
700  
712  
831